

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 13, 1956



America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

THE COACH

A CONVERSATION PIECE DISSECTING
THE MAN FOR WHOM THE HORNS BLOW



OHIO STATE FOOTBALL



Carter's
KNIT BOXERS

Fashion under Fashion

- Soft, fine selected cotton
- Flexible knit fabric
- Seamless crotch
- No ironing needed
- Carter Set—
so won't shrink out of fit

"Toot your horn for
Carter's Knit Briefs, if you wish,
I'm tooting mine for Carter's Knit Boxers!
They're a smart new idea in man-comfort
... no ironing needed!"



Carter's
BRIEFS

Fashion under Fashion

- Fine combed cotton knit
- New Vee front
and seamless seat
- Long life elastic
- No ironing needed
- Carter Set—
so won't shrink out of fit

The William Carter Co., Torrington, Conn.

Tattersall Knit Boxers \$1.45 . . . Tattersall Briefs \$1.35 . . . at these and other fine stores: ATLANTA, Buys • BALTIMORE, Hatcher Bros
BOSTON, Josiah Wicks Co. • CHICAGO, Brink • CLEVELAND, Peterson National Men's Wear, Inc. • DENVER, May • D & F • DES MOINES, Younker's • HARTFORD, S. Fox & Co.
LOS ANGELES, Bullock's Department, Westward • MINNEAPOLIS, Oyster's • NEW HAVEN, Edward Hickey Co. • NEW YORK, Franklin Simon, Waldbaum • PROVIDENCE, The Shepard Co.
ST. LOUIS, Wahl • SALT LAKE CITY, Z & M • SAN FRANCISCO, The White House • SEATTLE, Tacoma Department's • SPOKANE, Weatherman, Inc. • TULSA, Skamfeld's



B.F. Goodrich

Hundreds of different B.F. Goodrich truck tires!

One gives you lowest cost per mile



See your B. F. Goodrich dealer today and save

The right tire on your truck may save you as much as 50% on tire costs. Do you know which of the dozen or more different-type treads that fit your wheels is right for the job? Your nearby B. F. Goodrich dealer does. He knows that the roads you travel, the loads you carry, the speeds you drive, even the section of the country in which you operate—all have a bearing on the choice of the right tire!

Take advantage of the free tire recommendation service B. F. Goodrich dealers give. They have available all tire types and treads in different constructions, designed specially for the kind of trucking job you have. Get the tire that will give you lowest cost per mile. See the B. F. Goodrich man today. He's listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. *B. F. Goodrich Tire Co., A Division of The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron 18, Ohio.*

*Specify B. F. Goodrich Tubeless or tube-type tires
when ordering new trucks or trailers*



Smileage!

B.F. Goodrich truck tires

© The B. F. Goodrich Company



L to R, Messrs. Collard, Nyeland, Cox and Vogel pinning a 1981 resident member down.

Now available: non-resident memberships in a state of mind

Electrifying news! We've just learned the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society is offering an escape from this anxious world. They are accepting applications from kindred spirits who wish to join their state of mind as non-resident members.

The Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society has devoted untold time and thought to their boon companion—the Dry Martini. They have eschewed the farcical 10-to-1 martini in favor of a more plausible 3-to-1 model. And praise be, the society has appointed Cresta Blanca Triple-Dry White Vermouth as the vermouth. The more literate members say Cresta Blanca has captured a divine alchemy of herbs and wines that made the society's choice absurdly simple. Hurry to your dealer's—there's so little time!

And if you'd like to up yourself philosophically, by all means apply for the society's visa to the mental state we mentioned above. But don't write to Cresta Blanca. If you wish to apply for a non-resident membership in LMSOOS, send for your application directly to: Messrs. Vogel, Nyeland, Cox and Collard, Tasting Committee, Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, California. We hope you get in!

CRESTA BLANCA
TRIPLE-DRY WHITE VERMOUTH
CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

Cover: Ohio State football ▶

The composition of the hand is a major part of the football program, especially at Ohio State, where the footers on the week's cover look. Their loyal fans are on page 22.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

14



33



38



58



62



68



Contents

OCTOBER 13, 1958 Volume 9, Number 15

14 The World Series

Great baseball was no longer a doubt, thanks to the Braves. By Robert Creamer

22 Spectacle: Ohio State Who's Who

Were you there for the Iowa game last November? If so, find yourself and your reward

33 Meet Lonesome George

Football's big names and major upsets have lost the spotlight to Army's new offense

38 Foreigners Are Closing the Gap

And U.S. golfers will be hard pressed to stay up front in '58, reports Herbert Warren Wind

58 How to Cook Wild Birds

The touches that make wildfowl delicious, fondly told by Amateur Chef Frederick Wildman

62 Revival at Tuxedo Park

A \$1 million golf course puts life into one of society's famous resorts. By George Plimpton

68 The Coach: Too Big a Man?

Gerald Holland hears Boogy Man Blenheim discuss the pressures and rewards of his job

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 6 Football's 3rd Week | 53 Boxing |
| 11 Scoreboard | 56 Charles Goren |
| 12 Coming Events | 58 Food |
| 27 Events & Discoveries | 85 19th Hole |
| 50 Pro Football | 88 Pat on the Back |

Acknowledgments on page 11

Next week



▶ In a spectacular sequence in color, weekend cliffhanger James McCarthy employs his spider's web of ropes to conquer a six-foot overhang in rugged rock-climbing country.

▶ From South Bend, Dallas and East Lansing, on-the-spot reports of the three major games of the week: Notre Dame-Army, Oklahoma-Texas, Michigan State-Pitt.

▶ Lucky McDaniels' "instinct shooting" method teaches you to shoot with amazing accuracy from hip or shoulder. Graduate Student Martin Kane tells how.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Subscription postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT



*The lighter...drier...smoother Scotch
in the new pocket flask*



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
NEW GLASGOW & SON LTD

At last, quality Scotch you can carry with you comfortably.
VAT 69 tenths and ½ pints are packaged for your
convenience—in a fidget-top, pocket-fitting flask. See your
favorite retailer and enjoy VAT 69 wherever you go.



IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY • NEW YORK
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 85 & PROOF.

*New! a powerful
transistor radio no
bigger than
a pack of
cigarettes!*



Philco VeeP is a totally new way to enjoy radio. It's a powerful 3-transistor radio—actually no bigger than a pack of cigarettes! Slip it in your pocket or handbag. VeeP's as easy to carry as your wallet or comb. Set Philco's new balanced tone Ear Speaker—listen to music, news, the weather as you go about chores or sports. Enjoy top tunes as you shop, surf, eat or roam the golf links. See the VeeP at your Philco dealer's today.

\$19.95

(Price and specifications subject to change without notice)

PHILCO
VeeP
Vee-Pocket Transistor Radio

LOOK AHEAD...AND YOU'LL CHOOSE **PHILCO**...FIRST WITH THE FINEST IN TRANSISTORS!

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry B. Lums

PRESIDENT: Roy E. Lums

MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney L. Jester

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS

Richard W. Johnston

André Leggett

John Tilly

ART DIRECTOR: Jeanne Snyder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ARTICLES: Percy Kewitt

Eric Bowen

Robert Cresser

Andrew Crichton

Roger S. Hewitt

Gerald Holland

Martin Kane

Colin Phipps

Fred R. Smith

Whitney Tower

Robert Warren Wind

Norman Wood

Alfred Wright

STAFF WRITERS

Alvin Hargrove

Mervyn Hynes

Thomas H. Lawrence

Kathleen B. Maule

Don Taylor

Richard C. Thorne

Gilbert Ross

Kenneth Surden

Dorothy Staff

Joseph Tak

Ray Turrell

Jo Anne Zili

PHOTOGRAPHY

PICTURE EDITOR: Gerald Astar

ASSISTANTS: Betty Dork, Dorothy Mars

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: John G. Zimmerman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Jerry Cooper

Leslie Dahl-Waltz

Tom French

color: Jack Ebbels

David Goodnow

Richard Worth

Ily Pessin

Ben Schatz

WRITER-REPORTERS

column: Bruce Fitzgerald

Walter Benjamin

Gwynne S. Boring

Hester Bora

Virginia Kraft

William Leggett

Martin Lord

Lee Woodcock

REPORTERS

Mary Deew

Thomas Achman

Shoshana Bergman

Peggy Downey

Mary Jane Hodges

Rose Mary Morkan

Robert Storer

Jean Stripes

David B. Tizack

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Steve Benicovich, Frank

Charles Cline, Carle

Jimmy Connell, Mark

Veter Kaiman, Freddie

Mary Fran Mahan, Paul

Carlotta Mitchell,

Tuckey

John O'Reilly, Natus

Bruce Pringle

Phyllis Fitts

Shirley Fitts

William F. Talbot,

Tennis

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Ramsey

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Alice Derris

Greta Givner

Sherry Kern

Deanna Mikovic

Morton Shavels

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Maureen Hanna

PRODUCTION

color: Arthur L. Brawley

color: Edna Beatrice Gottlieb

George J. Hoadgood

Betty De Meester

Isabelle Jerez

Arthur A. Goldberger

Leslie Mancini

Eliza Taylor

LAYOUT

color: Alfred Zagare

William Berens

Barney Gini

Brenda F. Mailey

Martin Nathan

Cherise Spelch

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAUS

NEW YORK: Earl Barton

Washington: Charles, Los Angeles: Daniel, Atlanta:

Boston: Dallas: Denver: San Francisco: Seattle:

Philadelphia: Phoenix: Portland: Toronto: Chicago:

EDITOR OF CORRESPONDENTS: James Skavens

London: The Mayor, Paris: Ross, Rome: Vincent,

Moscow: Johannesburg: Beirut: New Delhi: Tokyo:

Hong Kong: Manila: Cebu: Panama City: Rio de

Jakarta: Buenos Aires

EDITOR OF CORRESPONDENTS: Emmet John Hughes

PUBLISHER: H. E. Phillips Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: William W. Holmes

MEMO from the publisher

As surely as days grow shorter and leaves fall from trees, this season brings **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** its first nomination for Sportsman of the Year. Although the year is far from over and many of sport's surprises and spectacles, its events and discoveries and its finest performers remain to be revealed, the suggestions are not premature. They are instead welcome reminders that at almost any time of the year sport has people to whom credit is due and honor is a deserved reward.

Four men have so far received the special honor of being Sportsman of the Year. For this the symbol is a reproduction of the Greek vase shown here. Those to whom it now belongs: for 1954, Roger Bannister, who won the Mile of the Century; for 1955, John Podres, who twice beat the Yankees in the World Series; for 1956, Bobby Morrow, who won two gold medals in the Olympics; and for 1957, Stanley Musial, who won seven batting championships.

In a definition of the meaning of the award, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** last year wrote (Dec. 23, '57): "The victory may have been his, but it is not for the victory alone that he is honored. Rather, it is for the quality of his effort and the manner of his striving. Whether it was over an extended period or only for an hour or an

instant, his performance was such that his fellowmen could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence. . . . His ideal, if only at the instant of rising above himself, was the ageless ideal that in giving his best of body and spirit, he was honoring all men."

This year, as it happened, the first nomination for 1958 endorsed the candidacy of all those associated with the America's Cup challenger *Sceptre*, "if," the letter read, "she wins."

Win, as everyone now well knows, *Sceptre* did not. However, when Contributing Editor Carleton Mitchell summed up the races he wrote (SI, Oct. 6): "Universal was the admiration for the men of *Sceptre*, her backers and the actual deck organization. Never was sportsmanship on a higher plane. . . ."

The same issue reported Hugh Goodson, the head of the *Sceptre* syndicate, when asked if he thought the defeat would put an end permanently to cup racing for Britain. "Quite frankly," said Goodson, "I don't think we shall ever give up."

In defeat, as it might have been in victory, a second to the original nomination would seem to be in order. So are many other nominations. And until the end of the year the editors of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will be most happy to hear them. The lists are open.



Harry Phillips



Italian-Inspired sweaters



Whether you're off to the ski slopes or set for spectator sports, you'll set the fashion pace in Robert Bruce Italian-inspired bulky knits. (Small figure) Magpa "Pro" coat, in a plush blend of lambawool and Orlon. Charcoal gray, red, light oxford and oyster, \$11.95. (Larger figure.) The "Napoli", an ultra-smart bulky knit in 100% virgin wool, featuring the flattering, continental-look shawl collar. Black with red or white, cambridge or seal. \$11.95. Both sweaters in S, M, L, XL. Available for boys and juniors.

Robert Bruce Inc.

KNITWEAR FOR MEN, BOYS AND JUNIORS

BRIMCOCK & ALLEGRETTE AVE., PHILA. 32, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.90. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$20.00.

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires bill as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS **TIME**, **LIFE**, **FORTUNE**, **ARCHITECTURAL FORUM** and **HOUSE & HOME**. Chairman, **MICHAEL T. MOORE**, President, **ROY E. LARSEN**, Executive Vice President for Publishing, **JOSEPH BLACK**, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, **CHARLES L. STILMAN**, Vice President and Secretary, **D. W. BRIDGEMAN**, Vice President, **EDGAR B. BEKER**, **BERNARD BERRY**, **CLAY BACKLICK**, **AROLD W. CARLSON**, **ALLEN GROSS**, **ANDREW HANKE**, **C. D. JACKSON**, **J. EDWARD KING**, **JAMES A. LARSEN**, **IRVING D. PALMER JR.**, **F. J. PRINCIPLE**, **WILLIAM C. PULLEN JR.**, **COMPTROLLER** and **AMERICAN SECRETARY**, **JOHN F. HARVEY**.

FOOTBALL'S 3RD WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Penn State got a firsthand view of Army's dazzling new winged T, came away convinced that the Cadets were just short of something out of Mars after a bewildering first half and a 26-0 defeat. With End Bill Carpenter lingering some 15 yards away from the play and acting as both decoy and receiver, swift Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson ran the Penn State 5-4 defense dizzy when Quarterback Joe Caldwell wasn't throwing the ball with unerring accuracy. Caldwell completed 3 out of 3 in the first half, pitching 55 and 72 yards to Carpenter and Dawkins for touchdowns. Dawkins and Bob Anderson aided the other scores

back, brought Holy Cross all the way back against Syracuse in the last period, bullying over from the 3-yard line and then adding a two-point conversion for a 14-13 triumph.

Bill Austin, a talented young man with a flair for doing everything well, scored two touchdowns himself, added a third on a pass, was the most able defender on the field as he carried Rutgers past Colgate 21-7.

In the East's biggest upset, Villanova's Jim Graziano ran for two scores, pitched for another to beat Boston College 21-19. The top three:

1. ARMY (3-0)
2. PITT (3-0)
3. NAVY (2-0)

5. AUBURN (3-0)
2. CLEMSON (3-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI (2-0)



BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Joe Kapp ran California's split-T with a firm yet deceptive hand, faking Washington State dizzy with his options in 34-14 win.

on short plunges before the Army attack clammed up in the second half.

Navy, so unimaginative a week earlier, took the wraps off Quarterback Joe Tranchesi, who completed 18 out of 27 passes, three into the arms of eager receivers for touchdowns, to lead the Middies to a 28-14 victory over unsuspecting Boston U.

Brown and Yale traded touchdowns all afternoon, but Brown had the last word, scoring twice in the final quarter to beat the Elis 35-29. Fullback Paul Choquette's power lungs and Quarterback Frank Finney's sleight of hand kept Yale off balance while sub Quarterback Nick Pannas came up with the clincher, a 7-yard pass to Jack Cronin in the final minutes. In other Ivy League games, Princeton opened defense of its title by whumping Columbia 43-8; contender Dartmouth held off Penn 13-12; Cornell outscored Harvard 21-14.

Tom Greene, a handy-handed quarter-

THE SOUTH

Clemson probed Maryland's heavy outside defense without success in the first half, later switched to an unbalanced line and power charges and waited for the right moment to uncork the big play. The time came late in the third quarter when Quarterback Harvey White, with first and 10 in mid-field, dropped a wobbly pass within easy reach of Wyatt Cox on the 25 and the Tiger end went all the way for an 8-0 victory. Clemson Coach Frank Howard quipped: "The Terps came close, but coming close don't count except in horseshoes."

Tennessee gave up the lead to title-hopeful Mississippi State with four minutes left, struck back frantically as Sophomore Tailback Billy Majors (see page 8) and Senior End Murray Armstrong teamed up on a last-minute pass to pull the fat out of the fire 13-8. Armstrong, a scholarly, myopic wingman who never did much but play defense, also scored the first Tennessee touchdown on a 53-yard, scared-rabbit sprint with an intercepted pass.

Duke Coach Bill Murray, a proponent of hardnose football, went searching for a gimmick to rouse his twice-beaten team, came up with his own version of Army's "lonesome end," used it to beat Illinois 15-13. Employing the wide flanker with three ends on the line, Duke threw only eight passes but stormed for 211 yards on the ground for first-half scores by Bob Broadhead and Bobby Cruikshank, managed to outlast the challenging Illini in the second half.

Yanderbilt, a lower-middle-class power in the SEC, remained unbeaten and unimpressed when Alabama shocked the Commodores with a scoreless tie. In

holding off Vandy, Alabama's Coach Bear Bryant gave further notice he was interested in defense first and building a winner after the holes have been mended.

In other games, North Carolina State did the obvious and pointed for Virginia's dangerous-throwing Reece Whitley, bottled him up just enough to win 26-14; South Carolina Coach Warren Giese spent the afternoon huddled in front of a TV set in a tent on the sidelines pondering the weaknesses of Georgia's bumbling Bulldogs, was pleased as punch when his Gamecocks won 24-14; Chattanooga put up a brave fight for three quarters, even led 8-6 for a while, but finally succumbed to powerful Auburn 30-8; LSU's one-two combination of Warren Robb and Billy Cannon exploded early and often to beat Hardin-Simmons 20-6; Florida State scored three quick touchdowns in the second period, then dug in to knock Wake Forest out of the unbeaten ranks 27-24; Georgia Tech defended Tulane's passing to win 14-0. The top three:



LINEAN OF THE WEEK: End Gary Praht stole lateral, ran 41 yards for Michigan score, set up second when paring tackle forced Michigan State fumble.

THE SOUTHWEST

Notre Dame, temporarily stymied by SMU Quarterback Don Meredith's sling-shot passes (16 for 14), broke through when Sophomore Halfback Bill Mark, on his only carry of the day, hot-legged it 41 yards into the end zone. But SMU struck back, cut the Irish lead to 7-6 on Halfback Tercy Wilemon's 44-yard dash. The Notre Dame meat grinder, hitting hard but clean, sent Meredith (and his two subs) limping to the sidelines, then battered away at the weary Mustang line for the insurance touchdown, scored by Quarterback Bob Williams, in a 14-6 victory.

Southwest prestige also suffered on two other fronts as Miami, with Fran Celar passing and Frank Bouffard hammering out huge chunks of yardage, burst unbeaten Baylor's bubble 14-3, and Purdue bottled up Rice's feeble running and passing game to win 24-0. But Texas

A&M found a team it could beat, edged Missouri 12-0.

TCU Quarterback Hunter Enis, taking matters into his own hands, ignored an order from the bench to pass, instead sent Fullback Jack Spikes bursting over left guard on a trap play for 39 yards to the Arkansas 8-yard line. Enis finally took to the air, passing to Justin Howland for the touchdown which beat the Razorbacks 12-7 in a Southwest Conference opener. Undefeated Texas kept pace with the sluggish Frogs, defeating Texas Tech 12-7.

In other games Mississippi started slowly against Trinity, picked up momentum to win 21-0; Arizona State at Tempe had its hands full before West Texas State bowed 16-13 in the Border Conference. The top three:

1. YOW (3-4)
2. TEXAS (2-6)
3. SMU (0-2)

THE MIDWEST

Michigan stunted and looped its defense, put the pressure on favored Michigan State as End Gary Prater (see page 5) got the Wolverines off to a 12-0 lead. Only a spartan comeback, which included a 90-yard punt return by Halfback Sam Look and a determined 97-yard downfield march, enabled State to escape with a 12-12 tie in this Big Ten opener.

Ohio State also had its troubles but managed to squeak past Washington 12-7, while Indiana edged West Virginia 13-12; Northwestern flexed its newly discovered muscles to beat Stanford 28-9; Wisconsin piled it on Marquette 50-0.

But Iowa and Minnesota were not so fortunate. The Hawkeyes ran smack into a fired-up Air Force team which is beginning to feel its oats and were lucky to get out with a 13-13 tie. The Falcons satisfied all but eager Coach Ben Martin, who brought out the old saw: "A tie is just

continued

3RD WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA 46th year)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	Pts.	
Pete Dawkins, Army	6	0	0	36	
Calvin Bird, Kentucky	5	2	0	32	
Bob Harden, Iowa St.	5	0	0	30	
RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.		
Dick Bann, COP	41	427	10.4		
Don Perkins, N. Mex.	45	276	6.1		
Neil MacLean, Wake Forest	63	263	4.2		
PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
Bob Newman, Wash. St.	71	46	.648	482	6
Reece Whitely, Virginia	70	37	.529	459	2
Dick Norman, Stanford	68	29	.560	226	1
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.		
Reece Whitely, Virginia	61	459	520		
Dick Bann, COP	427	52	479		
Bob Newman, Wash. St.	40	482	443		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.			
Army	156	1,030	315.0		
COP	116	914	458.0		
Washington St.	207	1,173	391.0		
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.			
Auburn	80	114	57.0		
Purdue	88	254	127.0		
Mississippi St.	98	257	128.5		



BIG HIT ON THE CAMPUS... OR ANYWHERE
HAGGAR 100% WORSTED SLACKS



You'll look your well-groomed best in these beautiful, luxurious slacks! So weightless, so warm, they'll keep you comfortable any time, anywhere. The rich 100% Worsted fabric is expertly tailored in Haggar's Continental Model with finest custom details to give you the most beautiful, best-fitting slacks you'll ever wear! In Worsted flannels, herringbones, ivy stripes, and checks. About \$12.95.

Other Haggar Slacks \$6.95 to \$20.00
 At Better Stores Everywhere

HAGGAR
 Slacks

MORE MEN WEAR HAGGAR SLACKS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND • HAGGAR COMPANY • DALLAS

PARIS

BELTS

in the new "Vista-dome" package



S-T-R-E-T-C-H-

-L-I-N-K

double comfort

STRETCH-LINK BELT

You can't make a move without this belt following every move you make. Almost uncanny the way the smart links comfortably stretch and breathe with you. "Personality-styled" exclusively by "Paris"® for the well-dressed man who loves his comfort, 1" style, \$5.00.



PARIS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A. 2,510,618
Company: Chicago • New York
Los Angeles • Toronto.

FOOTBALL'S 3RD WEEK *continued*

like kissing your sister—no thrill." But Panthers, who found themselves trailing Minnesota 7-0 in the last quarter, came snarling back under the guiding hand of sub Quarterback Bill Kalisen, who twice bulled over from the one-yard line, to earn a 13-7 win, the first over the Gophers since 1933.

Oklahoma added a dozen new formations to its spread and flanker offenses but found itself choked off by defense-minded Oregon and was hard-pressed to win 6-0. The Ducks found the answer to the Sooner mumbo-jumbo, shooting their linebackers into the gap to smother the passers while the ends stacked up the wide stuff. The top three:

1. OKLAHOMA (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (2-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (2-0)

THE WEST

California's charging forwards kept Washington State's Bob Newman hopping around like a man on a burning deck, conceded the short pass while protecting adequately against the deep throw to up-



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK. Ohio State Guard Oscar Hauer (left) blocked punt to start winning touchdown drive against Washington; Tennessee Tailback Billy Mayors' talented passing sparked Vols to late 13-8 victory over Mississippi State.

set the Cougars 34-14 in the NCAA's televised game at Berkeley. Meanwhile the Bears put forward a star of their own in Quarterback Joe Kapp (see page 6), who threw often enough to keep State off balance and spent the rest of his time masterminding a varied attack.

Oregon State, beginning to untrack after a bad start, fashioned a stout defense to go with Tailback Paul Lowe's passing and running, beat down UCLA 14-0 to regain stature in the PCC.

USC's youngsters experienced some more growing pains, found themselves learning a thing or two from Jim Tatum's North Carolina boys as they lost 8-7 when the Tar Heels scored a two-point conversion on Don Coker's plunge.

The topay-turvy Skyline Conference had new favorites after Colorado State upset Brigham Young 22-6, and Wyoming beat Denver 15-12 on Joe Dempsey's 18-yard field goal. The top three:

1. COLLEGE OF PACIFIC (2-0)
2. OREGON STATE (2-0)
3. AIR FORCE (2-0-0)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

KENTUCKY VS. AUBURN

Kentucky's Bobby Cravets is one of the South's top halfbacks, but I can't see any team running much against that rough and tough Auburn line. The Tigers are still the class of the South. AUBURN.

GEORGIA TECH VS. TENNESSEE

Two evenly matched clubs. Georgia Tech rarely ever beats itself and is the pick over a rugged group of Volunteers who are still searching for a real attack. GEORGIA TECH.

VANDERBILT VS. CLEMSON

The Commodores, strong in the middle but thin in reserves, won't be able to cope with a mobile Clemson line which provides Quarterback Harvey White with fine protection for his passing. CLEMSON.

ARMY VS. NOTRE DAME

Army's "lonesome end" gives the defense plenty to worry about and sets up Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson for those quick bursts through the tackles. The Irish are long on power but haven't shown much finesse on attack. ARMY.

MICHIGAN STATE VS. PITTSBURGH

Both have comparable first teams, but Michigan State, with one of the nation's finest backfields, packs too much depth and will be the first to tame the Panthers. MICHIGAN STATE.

MICHIGAN VS. NAVY

Michigan, impressive against Michigan State, will have to stop the passing of Navy's Joe Tranchesi. I think they can do it. MICHIGAN.

ILLINOIS VS. OHIO STATE

I'll be doing this NCAA telecast game on NBC-TV, so I won't pick a winner—but Illinois lacks a quarterback who can get a sustained attack going, while Ohio State has the backs and the defenders.

WISCONSIN VS. PURDUE

Two big, fast lines with better quarterbacking by Wisconsin's Dale Hackbart and Sid Williams making the difference. WISCONSIN.

OKLAHOMA VS. TEXAS

The new Oklahoma rattle-dazzle spluttered badly against Oregon, but the Sooners have too much power and deception for Texas. OKLAHOMA.

USC VS. OREGON

Young, big and with the best potential on the West Coast, USC has the backs to score, even against an Oregon team which features ball control. USC.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:

6 RIGHT; 6 WRONG; 1 TIE
RECORD TO DATE: 22-5-1



Bites through snow that's **HUB-CAP DEEP!**

ALL-NEW SUBURBANITE BY GOODYEAR

- Up to 51% more traction in snow • Up to 17% better traction in mud
- Quieter ride on dry roads • An extra season of wear for many motorists



Goodyear engineers took many promising experimental winter tire designs up to the Hudson Bay area and tested them under the severest winter conditions. Out of these toughest of tests came the diamond anniversary Suburbanite—the greatest winter tire made.

These tests proved that this great new tire provides DYNAMIC TRACTION . . . *extra grip under power* . . . to answer your winter driving worries—snow-covered hills, steep driveways, slippery spots, snowed-in parking places.

You'll find that this is the tire to get you through all kinds of winter weather—the all-new 3-T Suburbanite. See it at your Goodyear dealer's now. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

ALL-NEW 3-T SUBURBANITE

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.



Suburbanite 3-T, 13" x 3.5" x 16"
Tire & wheel shown. Model shown.



After the game...
Let White Horse carry you pleasantly

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—MIKE LEEKE, 20 years, New York Yankees, to lead in World Series.

MINNEAPOLIS MILLERS of American Association 2 games to win over Montreal Royals of International League in six Little World Series.

BOATING—HANS C. B. T. guided by Doc Wilson, won by George Jensen, Jacques Gervais' 1st lap race for victory by boat, at Madison, Ind.

BOWLING—TOM PENNINGSKY, 30 years, Southside South Star championship, over Doug Bell, 30 years, at Nashville.

BOXING—DUTCH LONDON, British heavyweight champion, fought TKO over Willie Poston, ranked third in U.S. at London.

TENNIS—ANTHONY, second TKO over Andre Meunier, heavyweight, Baltimore.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

BASEBALL—JAMES E. AND, International division over at International Championship Round Charles, Jaxxon, Texas.

faces in the crowd . . .



THE AGA KHAN, leaving royal duties at home to attend Harvard this year, turned out for variety money team, scored in 4-6 out of 10 to earn "excellent asset" commendation by coach.



OLGA ANDERSEN, sometime Danish Olympic champion, fought painful fatigue and adverse tides, pressed on for almost 27 hours, became first to swim 22-mile Canadian channel both ways.



SENSE JAY, behind his 16-year-old nephew, Asher, sailed before winds of 14 to 20 mph, beat down an Italian entry over 12-mile course to win Italian Giovanni Gold Cup in Galveston Bay.



FRANCIS VAN DUNN, accomplished Lexington, Ky. horseman, sent 6-year-old Emily's mile to \$23,000 Kentucky Futurity, where dilly won, virtually finished 3-year-old piling championship.



TOM RODRIGUEZ, retired sporting goods dealer, made spectacular druggist-ditch recovery for better 3, beat Johnny Dawson 2 and 1 for UGA national senior title, Pebble Beach, Calif.



JIM CROSBY, 78, who joined from Knoxville Writers Area of America 50 years ago, was picked for tribute, threw out ball in Braves Catcher Del Crandall to open 1958 World Series.



JIM CROSBY, 78, who joined from Knoxville Writers Area of America 50 years ago, was picked for tribute, threw out ball in Braves Catcher Del Crandall to open 1958 World Series.

promise her anything... but give her

VIRGINIA

PARFUMS

PARIS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- 5 Richard M. 10 101 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

Makes
you feel
like a king
every day!



KINGS MEN®

GROOMING AIDS

The best faces use
Kings Men
Pre-Electric Lotion
Only \$1.00



Freshen up and
feel right with
Kings Men—known
everywhere as the
world's finest. It's a
habit you'll enjoy.

KINGS MEN AFTER SHAVE LOTION • SPRAY DEODORANT • COLOGNE • AEROSOL SHAVE



Thrilling AS A
TED WILLIAMS HOMER



Model 7756

Most Powerful All-Transistor General Electric Portable Radio in Genuine Top-Grain Leather

You'll thrill to the power and tone of this General Electric portable that pulls in pleasure from left field—or anywhere else! It's a sports lover's delight in genuine leather. Six Select-Quality transistors and a crystal diode plus a new maximum-efficiency circuit give unparalleled power, range and tone.

30-day written warranty on both parts and labor.
General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Div.
partment, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMING EVENTS

October 10 to October 16

★ Cable television ★ Television ★ Satelink radio
All times are E.D.T.

Friday, October 10

AUTO RACING
Natl. SCCA Cup Van Winkle Rally, Westchester
County Airport, N.Y. (through Oct. 12)

BOXING
Boyd vs. Buchanan, middles, 10 rds., Chicago,
10 p.m. NBC

FOOTBALL (COLLEGE)
Florida at UCLA (TV)
LSU at Miami (TV)

HORSE RACING
Ardin Downs Stake (ret), \$11,500, Washington,
Pa.

HORSE SHOW
Washington Intl., Washington, D.C. (through
Oct. 15)

Saturday, October 11

BOATING
NADA North Oakland Bay III World Champs,
Twin Harbors Intl. (through Oct. 15)

FOOTBALL (COLLEGE)
★ Big Ten game (ABC)
★ Army at Notre Dame, 2:30 p.m. (ABC)

★ Cincinnati at Vanderbilt (TV)
Dartmouth at Brown

★ Mississippi at Tulane (TV)
★ Navy at Michigan, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)

North Carolina St. at Wake Forest
Ohio State at Illinois

Washington vs. Texas at Dallas
Pittsburgh at Michigan St.

Purdue at Wisconsin
Tulsa vs. Illinois at Portland (TV)
SMU at Missouri

HORSE RACING
★ The Champagne, \$75,000, Belmont, N.Y.,
5:15 p.m. (ABC)

★ Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$50,000, Hawthorne, IL
Ardin Downs Stake (ret), \$13,500, Washington,
Pa.

MARATHON
Intl. Race, Jersey City

SHOOTING
New York Athletic Club Triathlon, Tuxedo
Island, N.Y. also Oct. 12

Sunday, October 12

AUTO RACING
IRAC Pin Spools Car Run, Riverside, Calif.

BASKETBALL (PRO EXHIBITION)
★ Philadelphia at St. Louis, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

DOG SHOW
200th Lady Kennel Club, Northbrook, IL

FOOTBALL (PRO)
★ Baltimore vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee (TVS)

★ Chicago Cards at Cleveland (TVS)

★ Los Angeles at Detroit (TVS)

★ New York at Washington (TVS)

★ Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (TVS)

★ San Francisco at Chicago Bears (TVS)

HOCKEY
Montreal at Boston
New York at Detroit
Toronto at Chicago

Monday, October 13

HORSE RACING
Ladies Handicap, \$50,000, Belmont, N.Y.

Tuesday, October 14

HORSE RACING
Honey Dangers Handicap, \$7,500, Belmont, N.Y.

The Camo pure, \$70,000, Yankees, N.Y.

Wednesday, October 15

BOXING
★ Dupon vs. Turner, welter, 10 rds., Miami, FL,
10 p.m. (ABC)

HOCKEY
Boston at New York

Thursday, October 16

AUTO SHOW
General Motors Motorama Show, NYC, Yafco

HOCKEY
Toronto at Montreal
Chicago at Detroit

EGGOS
World Champ., \$25,000, Boston (through Oct.
26)

* See local listing



CARROLL SHELBY, RACING CAR DRIVER, AT THE RIVERSIDE TRACK. UNDER HIM IS ONE OF HIS MERRICKS. PHOTO BY TOM ARAGLY

"HOW CAN ORLON LOOK SO BULKY...WEAR SO LIGHT?" Carroll asked us when he noticed the extreme bulkiness of the above shirt. Gamblers (even students of fabric) might bet it isn't orlon—but it is. This is a brilliant new "bulky orlon" specially treated to look bulky—yet it wears as light as a coat of suntan oil. But don't just take our word. Try one on for weight and prove it for yourself. Many colors with contrasting collar trim in sizes small through extra-large, at better men's stores. Price is \$3.95.

Jantzen sportswear for sportsmen

JANTZEN INC., • PORTLAND, OREGON

THE TEST OF THE

by ROBERT CREAMER

GAME 1 MASTERFUL
MR. SPAHN

A CONSTANT chill breeze blew across the infield of County Stadium in Milwaukee during the first game of the 1958 World Series, and a steady aura of tension arose from it. Now, it must be pointed out that the Milwaukee Braves' remarkable Warren Spahn was pitching against the New York Yankees' Whitey Ford in this opening game, and that the tension did not embrace Spahn. The

night before, he and his equally remarkable roommate, Lew Burdette, crowned offstage as Leo Durocher conducted interviews on a TV show, then ambled easily on camera to be interviewed themselves. Carefree as a brace of puppy dogs, they grinned at each other, at the audience, at Durocher. To Leo's insane question, "What do you think of tomorrow's game?" Spahn replied blandly, "I

don't know. I haven't pitched it yet." That's Spahnian.

Though not so relaxed a man as Spahn, Whitey Ford seldom appears nervous, either on or off a baseball field. But in this first game he seemed far more intense than usual. He was very impressive, but he seemed to be trying almost too hard and, when three successive Braves hit first pitches to score two runs in the fourth, after two were out, the feeling persisted that this was all a mistake that could have been avoided if only Whitey would relax a little.

In contrast, Spahn pitched sloppily in the beginning, yet escaped relatively unscathed, mostly because of some faulty Yankee base running. Hank Bauer was picked off first base by Spahn, and Yogi Berra, trying to go from first to third on a base hit to left, ran in a careless semicircle and was nipped as he bellywhopped head first into the bag. Bauer and Berra, alive on base, might well have had Spahn sagging on the ropes. Bauer and Berra, out, let Spahn escape trouble.

Even so, when Bauer homered in the fifth to give the Yankees a 3-2 lead, it seemed merely a matter of time before Spahn would be completely routed. As it turned out, the homer marked New York's high water mark against the left-hander. He had been hit hard, had given up six hits



THE THROW AND THE YOGI

Aggressively, New York's Yogi Berra tried to pick up an extra base in the second inning by going all the way from first to third on a short single to left. Unhappily, he made too wide and slow a turn at second and was out at third despite a headlong slide.



CHAMPS



THE MASTER

Warren Spahn at 37 displayed to the Yankees the amazing control he has of his repertoire of pitches, outpitched Whitey Ford, the New York ace, in the first game and again in the fourth. Spahn's second victory was a two-hit shutout.

and three runs and had been lucky to get off that cheaply. But, starting right after the Bauer home run, in his next 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ innings, including his shut-out in Yankee Stadium, Spahn was to allow just four more Yankee hits and no runs at all.

The Yankees, faced with this rejuvenated Spahn, lost the game in the eighth. Ford walked Ed Mathews to open the inning. Then Henry Aaron timed a slow curve and lined it to right, off the fence under Hank Bauer's mistimed leap. Mathews went to third, Aaron to second and Ford came out of the game. (Afterward, asked if he felt Aaron had hit the ball hard, Ford grinned sardonically. "Hard?" he said. "Just because he hit the ball to the fence in the teeth of the wind, you think he hit it hard?" Then, se-

riously, "I thought it was gone. I thought it was a home run.")

Casey Stengel scuttled out to the mound, to the loud derisive roar of the Milwaukee crowd, relieved Ford and brought in his myopic relief pitcher, Ryne Duren. Duren excited the crowd with his startling fast ball, struck out Joe Adcock and then gave up an important long fly to Wes Covington.

This, to many, was the key moment of the Series. Covington is a feared clutch hitter, and grandstand managers decided it would be wiser to walk him, as long as first base was open. But Stengel, not wanting to pressure the sometimes wild Duren with a bases-loaded situation, had him pitch to Covington. His fly ball—justification for the grandstand

strategists—brought in Mathews with the tying run.

The Yankees went down listlessly before Spahn; the Braves fought against the overpowering Duren fast ball. Spahn himself, greeted at the plate by Yogi Berra's wry "Don't get hit, Warren. This guy is apt to throw one right through you," ducked one pitch and then pulled a fast ball to right for the first hit off Duren. An inning later, in the last of the 10th, Bill Bruton—who was in the hospital having a knee operation during the last World Series—lined a Duren pitch to deep right center to drive in the game-winning run.

Ford had failed, Duren had failed, the Yankees had failed, and Casey Stengel, feeling the importance of the defeat, was plunged in gloom.

Illustration by Robert Riger



HERO OF WOUNDED KNEE

Bill Bruton had his knee operated on during the 1957 World Series, was subpar after his return to Braves in spring. But he won the first game of the Series with a 19th inning base hit, then got a home run and two other hits in the second game.

GAME **2**

BURDETTE, BRUTON AND 7 RUNS

BILL BRUTON had received a hero's ovation when he drove in the winning run of the first game, partly because it was the winning run, naturally, but partly, too, because Bill Bruton is a very popular man in Milwaukee. He hit the home run that won the first major league game played in County Stadium in 1953. Milwaukeeans remember those glorious, innocent days of second place with warmth and nostalgia, and they were delighted when Billy Bruton came through. Now on the next day, in the first inning of the second game, he was a hero again, but only for a moment, only to be obscured by a succession of other heroes, culminating in the majestic figure of one Lew Burdette.

Burdette, of course, is the man who. The man who beat the Yankees last year. The man who shut them out twice in three games. The man who carried a scoreless streak of 24 innings into this Series, only five shy of Babe Ruth's 40-year-old record. Yet in the first inning of the second game, the Yankees scored on Lew and shook him up a little. Trailing 1-0, the Braves came to bat, Bill Bruton leading off. Bruton promptly clouted a homer and the Braves were back in the ball game. Before the inning was over they were so far in front of the ball game that the last eight innings were a polite formality. Schoendienst doubled, Aaron walked, Covington singled. Casey Stengel took his 21-game winner, Bob Turley, out of the game and put in Duke Maas. Maas got Frank Torre on a fly to left field. That made two out, and it nearly turned into three. Aaron, on

third, tagged up on Torre's fly and threatened to come in, but held his base. Elston Howard, in left, fired the ball home, five feet over Yogi Berra's head. Aaron again broke for the plate. Maas, backing up Berra, caught the ball, and seemingly had Aaron caught off third. But Henry was between Maas and Third Baseman Andy Carey, causing Maas to delay his throw just long enough to let Aaron get back safely. The missed third out seemed a shame to Yankee supporters, but nothing too serious.

Maas proceeded to make it serious. He walked Crandall to load the bases, and then pitched to Johnny Logan, who had been hungering for the opportunity to come to bat in a crucial moment. ("I want to be a hero in at least one game," he complained the day before, after Fred Haney had lifted him for a pinch hitter.) Logan seized the opportunity nicely, breaking the game open to 4-1, Milwaukee, with a line single to left field. Maas tried again. There were still two men on base, still two

out, but now the pitcher, Burdette, was at bat. Lew, who seems to walk into the heroic situations that Johnny Logan hungers for, took a big swing and lofted a fly ball that, unbelievably, carried over the left field fence for a home run. The crowd was ecstatic. The Braves led 7-1, and there was Stengel out on the mound again, bearing the taunts of the crowd, easing his belt away from his abdomen as he peered out once more to the bullpen in center field for something that looked like a pitcher.



RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Lew Burdette, who beat the Yankees three times last year and shut them out twice, was more conservative in 1955. He won only once in the first five games, pitched no shutouts. But he hit the first World Series home run hit by a pitcher in 18 years, a three-run poke that climaxed the Braves' extravagant seven-run first inning in the second game. Burdette is Spain's roommate. Between them, they've beaten the Yanks seven times in two years.



GAME 3

THE POINT OF SOME RETURN

ONLY, Stengel was less glum after the second game rout (the final score was an embarrassing 13-5) than he had been after the close first game. Now he seemed almost optimistic about the Series, as if the worst had already happened. Yankee rooters shared the optimism. Suddenly finding that rare odds of 2-1 against the Yankees could be had, they bet with more enthusiasm than wisdom.

Hank Bauer and Don Larsen made the bet look good, for a day at least. Larsen pitched seven innings, gave up six hits, all singles, walked only two, allowed no runs, and went off for an early shower with a slightly stiff arm. Ryne Duren finished up to complete the first two-man shutout since Lefty Grove relieved George Earnshaw in the eighth inning against the Cardinals back in 1930. Bauer batted in all four Yankee runs in the 4-0 win.

The Braves, possibly envious of the Yankees' monopoly of bad base running (Bauer, hero or no, had been caught off first again by a pretty throw by Del Crandall), engineered a beautiful mess in the sixth inning. Red Schoendienst was on second and Henry Aaron on first when Wes Covington bounced a tremendously hard ground ball off First Baseman Bill Skowron for a base hit. The ball caromed toward the first base stands, Schoendienst turned third and headed home and Aaron turned second and raced to third. But the ball bounced off the stands and back to Skowron, who threw the ball in to Yogi Berra at home plate. Schoendienst benched halfway there and started back to third. Who was on third? Why, Henry Aaron, not only on the base but actually past it. There, too, was Yankee Third Base-



WHO'S ON THIRD?

Henry Aaron is on third. And so is Red Schoendienst. Also Jerry Lumpe, the Yankee third baseman. Before this lovely mess straightened away, Lumpe made a bad throw, Schoendienst was tagged out and Aaron retreated all the way to second.

man Jerry Lumpe, yelling at Berra to throw him the ball. To crib from the late Gertrude Stein, Aaron instead of going the way he was going went back the way he had come. Schoendienst took the opposite tack and headed for home again at the instant Berra threw the ball to Lumpe. Lumpe threw back to Berra, but badly, bouncing it on the ground past the catcher. Schoendienst was nearly home at this point, but Larsen, backing up the play, scooped up the wild throw and took off after Schoendienst. Back toward third went Red with Larsen chasing him. Halfway there, Larsen caught him. Aaron was snug at second, and Covington, aghast at what he had wrought, was on first. For all the help his hard smash had been to the Braves, Wes might as well have hit into a forecourt. When Frank Torre followed with a fly out,

the inning full of promise was over.

Another bit of Milwaukee brainwork had backfired in the fifth. With two out and a man on second, Fred Haney ordered Pitcher Bob Rush to walk Gil McDougald intentionally. Rush did so and then walked Larsen unintentionally to fill the bases. Bauer, up next, scooped a hit into short right that Aaron could not reach in time. Two runs came in, and in the seventh Bauer homered (his third in three games) to add two more.

That was about the game: Larsen's pitching, and Duren's; Bauer's hitting (the homer was the only clean hit of the Yankees' four); and Milwaukee's dubious thinking.

Stengel was cautiously hopeful after the game. "There were some bad plays, and bad plays add up in a ball game. Now we have to win tomorrow. That will be the real game."



HOW DOTH THE REDHEAD LEAP AND DANCE!

For the connoisseur, the most delightful aspect of the 1958 World Series was the play of Mr. Albert Schoendienst, second baseman and pro par excellence. Red swung his bat and carried his glove with great finesse throughout the Series, but two plays—one at bat and one in the field—stand out.

On a hit-and-run play, with the runner on first breaking for second with the pitch, Red, batting left-handed, waited until the

last possible minute to swing. In the long moment that this waiting took, the Yankee shortstop moved to his left to cover second base, and in that instant Red slapped a ground ball directly through the shortstop position so recently vacated. It was, well, perfect—the sort of thing you read about but seldom see.

An even rarer jewel was the superb play caught in the photo sequence above, which was his masterpiece in the field. With the score tied 0-0, two out and a Yankee runner on third base, Yogi Berra hit a changeup pitch on a slow line toward right field.

It appeared to be a certain base hit, a

sure run, but Schoendienst timed his leap perfectly and got his glove on the ball. But he could not hold it. The ball angled off the leather, and as it and Red fell back toward the ground, Schoendienst pursued it with his bare hand. A loose ball in a tense situation is often a trigger for panic. Schoendienst, briskly but calmly, forced his body to stop going one way, twisted back, chased the ball to earth, grabbed it and threw it quickly to his first baseman. Berra, despite a desperate heading leap across the base (right), was out by some inches. The run did not score. The inning was over. The tie and, as it turned out, the shutout were preserved.

GAME 4 TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

THE "real game" was just that for the Braves—a beautifully pitched, decently hit, magnificently fielded victory—but for the Yankees it was a disaster. Once again Warren Spahn and Whitey Ford faced each other. This time, both pitched splendidly from the beginning. Ford gave up three hits in the first five innings, but he walked none. Spahn allowed only one hit in the five innings, but that was an immense triple that Mickey Mantle hit off the bleacher wall in left center field about 425 feet from home plate. Only an amazing fielding play by Red Schoendienst on Yogi Berra's subsequent line drive prevented Mantle from scoring (see photos above).

Then, in the top of the sixth, Whitey Ford's nightmare began.

Schoendienst hit a long fly to left center. The left-fielder, Norm Siebern, seemed to spook Mickey Mantle off the ball and then failed to catch it himself. Result: the ball fell in and rolled on toward the fence, and Schoendienst ended up on third.

Stengel pulled his infield in to cut off the run. Logan hit a sharp grounder directly to Shortstop Kubek, and it went through Kubek's legs for an error, scoring Schoendienst. Next inning, with men on second and third and one out, Spahn lifted a soft Texas Leaguer to left field. Siebern this time played the ball safe, when all common sense dictated a diving attempt at catching the ball. It fell in for a single, and a second tainted run scored.

Ford persisted, and so did Siebern. Logan led off the eighth with a high

fly fairly deep to left, near the seats. Siebern got under it, adjusted his sunglasses and lost sight of the ball. It bounced into the stands for a ground-rule double. Ford, staring in disbelief at the outfield, heaved a massive sigh. Stengel, sick with failure but not giving up, ran up on the dugout steps, clapped his hands, yelled encouragement and rolled his fists in the "hustle" sign. But Ford laid one in over the plate, and Mathews hit a long double to right, driving in the third run.

That was the end. Stengel mercifully took Ford out, later mercifully defended Siebern ("toughest left field to play in the league").

Spahn, meanwhile, his control perfect, used his fast ball as a knife, sticking it into various parts of the strike zone with mortal effect. After Mantle's triple in the fourth, only Bill Skowron, who singled in the seventh, reached base.

The Braves won 3-0, took a 3-1 lead in the Series, and moved confidently toward the denouement.



GAME 5 STENDEL DEFIES THE ODDS

THE SERIES was over except for the formality of the *coup de grâce*, but listening to Casey Stengel talk in the Yankee dugout before the fifth game, you'd never have known it. He was losing three games to one (and since 1903 only one Series club, the 1925 Pittsburgh Pirates, had ever been able to come back from a 3-1 deficit to win), and here he was, amiably discussing pitching possibilities for the sixth game in Milwaukee.

"I'm just liable to pitch Duren for three or four innings," he said to the knot of sportswriters gathered around him. "I ought to be able to get five innings from Larsen. I might use that other fellow. I might use three or four men."

"Of course," he went on politely. "I have to win this game today. I

won't have to pitch anybody if I don't win this game today."

All he was facing in "this game today" was Lew Burdette, whom the Yankees had not yet been able to beat in Series competition. Against Burdette went Bob Turley, who had lasted just one third of an inning against Lew in Milwaukee and whose 1958 Series earned run average was so astronomical (108.00) that the Yankee press release on pitching statistics censored it, substituting in its place a quiet, tasteful dash.

But times change. Turley pitched masterfully, working a marvelously controlled fast curve in with his fine fast ball. He struck out ten men, allowed only five hits, all singles, and shut the Braves out.

Burdette, on the other hand, was

in trouble. Good fielding helped him in the first and second innings but, in the third, Gil McDougald reached the left field foul pole for a home run to put the Yankees ahead. In the sixth the Braves got a little something going against Turley, but Elston Howard, obviously demonstrating how to play left field, made a diving catch and a fine throw for a double play that ended the rally and stilled Milwaukee for the afternoon.

Then, in their half of the sixth, the Yankees, after 41 long innings of frustration, finally caught Burdette. Ten men batted, six men scored and everything went just right. Berra hit, Skowron hit, McDougald hit, even Turley hit. When it was over, Burdette was in the showers with a looting game on his hands, and the Yankees were beaming over a health-restoring 7-0 win.

Casey was still down, three games to two. He had an almost impossible job ahead, but his head was up and his voice was loud, and he was smiling as he headed for Milwaukee. **END**

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

Who's Who at Ohio State

IF you were in the Ohio State stadium on Nov. 16, 1957 to witness the Iowa game, and if you are in the picture on pages 24 and 25, circle your legs, have two of your friends attest your identity with their signatures and direct your claim by mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rocketteller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. The editors will be pleased to reward you with a free one-year subscription.

EVERYBODY who is anybody in Columbus—whether on or off the Ohio State campus—would rather be in purgatory than miss the delicious sight of the OSU varsity mowing down another opponent on Saturday afternoon. As in the picture on the right, the crowd stretches on and on around the two-tiered Ohio Stadium; it was taken during the game (Nov. 16, 1957) in which Ohio State beat Iowa 17-13 and virtually insured itself a fourth trip to the Rose Bowl. On that occasion a crowd of 82,935 was present, even though the official capacity of the stadium is only 78,951. Such bulging concrete seams are commonplace during the big Ohio State home games.

It is a rare occasion, however, when a huge and faceless football crowd like this one gets such a microscopic view of itself as Photographer Cooke has produced on these pages. Among the 341 persons on pages 24 and 25 you will find most of the Block O cheering section, where some 350 student volunteers sit defining the letter O with scarlet and white capes draped over their shoulders. Look also for such details as:

- Sixty-four girls wearing glasses
- Another 17 girls in smoked glasses
- Four men wearing caps
- Three more men wearing hats
- Two spectators viewing the action through binoculars
- Fourteen faces in profile
- One girl with her finger in her mouth

The announcement on the left will be of particular interest to those who may find themselves in the picture.

Stretching almost to infinity in a tweedlike fabric of humanity are the more than 80,000 who always attend the sacred Saturday ritual









Ohio State majorettes in their scarlet sweaters and tams decorate the sidelines

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Lucy to the Shower

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM is meant to rouse feelings of pride and rededication in American listeners, not to provoke laughter. It is our duty to report that the Lucy Monroe public address system version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* at the World Series in Yankee Stadium last week was a musical fright which brought embarrassment, smirks and giggles to attending thousands and listening millions across the country. It's time to send Lucy to the shower.

Sunshine in L.A.

DOES ANYONE in this season of World Series baseball feel like shedding a tear for the Dodgers, those onetime world champions now fallen on hard times? Well, our advice is: don't. Despite a rather less than spectacular season on the diamond (they finished seventh), Mr. Walter O'Malley and his boys did fairly well in the land of their adoption during the 1958 season. Here-with, compiled by West Coast experts with a shrewd knowledge of the business to guide their guesswork, is a close estimate of what Mr. O'Malley's books will reveal come income-tax time:

REVENUES

from gate receipts at the Coliseum	\$3,958,099.86
from gate receipts on the road	319,201.50
from Dodgers' share of Coliseum concessions, hot dogs, etc.	268,100.00
from network broadcasting fees	800,000.00
from royalties on souvenirs, caps, etc.	50,000.00
TOTAL REVENUES	\$5,395,401.36

EXPENSES

Coliseum rental and maintenance	\$288,181.00
payroll, travel and overhead	1,750,000.00
BALANCE, or O'Malley & Co.'s net profit before taxes	\$3,357,220.16
Tough, isn't it?	

Barbs over Barbecues

WHERE there's smoke there's ire. The smoke coils pungently from the barbecue grill of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Vasco of Marlow Heights, Md. The ire smolders like a damp briquette in the breasts of Mr. and

continued



Tiger on the Shelf

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Mrs. Walter Johnson of Marlow Heights, Md.

Since one particularly redolent night last August not a word has passed over the common fence separating the semidetached backyards of the Vascos and the Johnsons. On that night, as the odors from three steaks charcoaling on the Vascos' 24-inch grill wafted through the Johnson residence, the Johnsons decided they had had enough. Mrs. Johnson swore out a warrant for the arrest of Anthony Vasco as a "public nuisance" whose outdoor cooking is jeopardizing the Johnsons' "life and health." Anthony Vasco posted \$30 on a \$500 bond pending a court hearing.

"We don't know what we're eating," claims Mrs. Johnson. "I sit there with knots in my stomach watching the stuff come in," claims Mr. Johnson. Mr. Vasco, a barbecue buff who has a 12-inch for simple fare and an electric spit and shield for his 24-inch model, claims he never uses any seasoning stronger than an occasional clove of garlic. Mrs. Johnson claims the smoke has contributed to the decline and death of five weigela shrubs. Mr. Vasco points to his healthy rose bushes in refutation.

"This may affect every homeowner in the country," says Mr. Vasco.

Wanted: Tuna Match Alive

THIS Fifteenth International Tuna Cup Match at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, angling's most respected competitive event, ended the other day in dismal failure. Only four teams participated where there were once as many as 10. And, for the first time since the beginning of these matches

in 1937, not one tuna was taken or one strike reported in three days of competition between Cuba, Mexico, British Commonwealth and the U.S.

This bitter end was hardly unexpected. For a decade the catch from Soldier's Rip and other Wedgeport waters has been steadily declining. In 1949 sportsmen boated 1,760 giant tuna at Wedgeport, 72 of them during the match. By 1956 the summer catch had fallen to 55, the match score to 4. The entire 1958 season produced one lone tuna and brought the match face to face with the problem of survival.

That the cup match should survive there can be no question. At Wedgeport the spirit of contest was always subordinate to that of international camaraderie. Year after year, friendships were made and views exchanged in a quiet atmosphere devoid of resort trappings. Men journeyed from as far as Hong Kong, Johannesburg and Rio to enjoy this atmosphere. But they journeyed also to fish for tuna. Now the tuna are gone. Perhaps they will be back, perhaps not. But, if the match cannot survive without tuna, it can be relocated for the time being and carried on with all its dignity and tradition in an area graced with a dependable supply of tuna.

There are such areas but, regrettably, officials of the International Tuna Cup Match are showing little sympathy for this course of action. They have set dates for next year's match at Wedgeport and announced that if there are no tuna it will be postponed. S. Kip Farrington Jr. of East Hampton, N.Y., a founder of the match and chairman of its executive

committee, has said: "The match will be held at Wedgeport or not at all. It is true that the tuna have frittered away, but there is more to this match than tuna. Sure, everybody and his dog want the match transferred, but any place I've heard of so far hasn't anything like Wedgeport to offer. My answer to transferring the match elsewhere, even temporarily, is a flat and emphatic no."

With all due respect to Mr. Farrington's many efforts in behalf of sport fishing, there are those who will find his statement unrealistic. Keeping the match in a Wedgeport bereft of tuna accomplishes no useful purpose for anyone concerned. The lobster fisherman who converted his boat every summer to serve the sportsman, and showed fine sportsmanship himself, will feel the loss of seasonal business no less acutely. The province of Nova Scotia which underwrites the match and which reaps worldwide publicity from it gains nothing if the publicity is poor. Certainly a genuine international gathering of anglers cannot be expected to support a fishless match year after year. A glut of fish is no prerequisite for a successful match. But there should be at least a few on hand and a few caught.

It is true that the precise atmosphere, boats and crews of Wedgeport will be hard to duplicate elsewhere. But is the bond between sportsmen so tenuous that a change of scenery will shatter it? It seems unlikely especially when the change offers the prospect of catching some tuna. Take Cape Cod. In September it offers much the same restrained environment that Wedgeport does and Cape Cod Bay is plump with tuna of all sizes in the fall. Other facilities are excellent. The same is true of the Point Judith, R.I. to Montauk, N.Y. area. The Bahamas, although vastly different in climate and geography, enjoy a legendary and unflagging run of giant tuna every May and June. All these places in 1958 had very successful tuna competitions. If offers to support the International Tuna Cup Match are made by them or any other legitimate tuna-fishing localities it is difficult to understand why

They Said It

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV, to Moscow visitor and Cleveland industrialist Cyrus Eaton, as reported by Colonelist Drew Pearson: "You Americans use your cars too much. You should walk to be fit. I don't play golf myself, but President Eisenhower's intense interest in golf seems very sensible to me. It gives him good exercise. Please tell him so for me when you go home."

LEROY (Satchel) PAIGE, faded, ageless major and minor league pitcher, confirming reports that he has been signed by Hollywood: "I'm not running out of baseball. It's just that maybe baseball is running out of Satch."

they should not be seriously considered. After all, the World Series would still go on, wouldn't it, even if Yankee Stadium were to slide into the Harlem River?

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

SOMETIMES the importance of winning at football is so great that it occupies a man's mind entirely. This is demonstrated on a large scale by Gerald Holland's *The Coach*, a fact-fiction dissection which you'll find on page 68. And it was demonstrated in a small real-life incident in a Little Rock hotel room just the other Friday.

Baylor was to play Arkansas the next day. It was the opening game of the new season, and the old season had not been good: 3-6-1, with Baylor finishing at the bottom of the Southwest Conference. Assistant Line Coach Charley Driver was chalk-talking earnestly at his blackboard while the Baylor team listened. Driver paused to light a cigaret. He struck one match and the fire didn't take. The players watched in wondering silence as he tried another. Still no



"Ten-minute break. You can each have a chocolate cigaret."



luck. Exasperated, Driver took the cigaret from his mouth and looked at it to see what was the matter. And the trouble was that it wasn't a cigaret, it was a piece of chalk.

Long Shot in Bronze

WHENEVER there is a gathering of old vaudevillians and horse-players—the terms are often synonymous—the talk will turn sooner or later to reminiscence of Joe Frisco. And once it has started, there is no stopping the flow of anecdote, for scarcely a soul in show business exists who hasn't a favorite tale about the man who lost more bets and made more friends than any other 50 railbirds.

"Remember the time Joe came into the Derby with money dripping out of all his pockets after hitting that long shot at Santa Anita?" someone will begin. "Oh boy, do I!" someone else will add. "That was the day he ran into Crosby and offered him a sawbuck for two quick choruses of *White Christmas*." "But the real payoff," a third party will hasten to explain, "was that Frisco was stony broke that morning and hit the Groaner for a C-note, then bet the whole bundle on this nag."

"Oh, Bing didn't care," the first narrator will say, "everybody knew that when Frisco made a touch it was just to play some hunch. If he lost, you lost. If he won, boy, everybody was ace high till the next race."

Born Louis Wilson Josephs, the son of a hog-medicine salesman from Rock Island, Ill., the wispy, whimsical little man known as Joe Frisco was an entertainer's entertainer from the first. An appreciative crowd of pros at *Lindy's* or *The Lamb* was the kind of audience he loved the best,

and as far as money was concerned Joe always felt that some bookie would get it sooner or later, so why worry? Whether he was heading the bill on Keith time in his great days or filling in for peanuts at Charley Foy's Supper Club in L.A. in his leaner years, whatever Joe got, he promptly turned in at the pari-mutuel windows, invariably betting a long shot to win. He rarely won and hence was in constant trouble with bill collectors, room clerks and the agents of the federal income tax bureau.

Joe never minded too much. A perennial fall guy with an instinctive wry appreciation of his tragicomic role in life, he would explain his troubles in the gentle stammer that became his trademark and even offer to take on those of others. Once, after patiently explaining to the income tax men why he couldn't pay the \$4,000 or so they said he owed them, Joe spotted an old friend waiting in the tax office. "He's a g-good g-guy," Joe confidentially told the

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

treasury man. "Whatever he owes, p-p-put on my t-bat."

Nobody knows for sure by now which of the thousands of stories told about Joe are true and which have merely clung to him as legends cling to all great heroes. It is at least a six-two-and-even shot that he was the original of the railbird who touted a friend on five "sure winners" only to have them all finish well out of the money. Joe would have had an answer to that just as the tout did when his friend approached angrily at



the start of the sixth race. "G-g-get away from me," he would have cried. "You've been b-b-bad luck to m-m-me all afternoon."

Bad luck, like his stammer, was Joe Frisco's trademark. It made him a host of friends, and it pursued him right to the end in the Hollywood hospital where he lay last year forced to play out what he called "the Big Casino"—Joe's phrase for an incurable cancer. "It ain't that I really mind," he explained to friends. "It's just that right now I got a line on some real good things going at Santa Anita."

Joe Frisco never got on to those good things at Santa Anita, and maybe that's a good thing too. But Joe's friends in Hollywood are determined that his memory will live on at one of the tracks where he dropped his biggest pile. The membership of the Masquers, a kind of West Coast chapter of The Lambs, are setting up a bronze statue of Joe Frisco in the paddock at Del Mar in time for the August season next year. Most of the contributors to the fund for this work of art are famed Hollywood and Broadway characters, but at least one of them prefers to hide his gift under a cloak of anonymity. He is a bookie who carried Joe Frisco on the cuff for five years.

The Old Man and the Series

THE old man was pushing 80. He sat in Box 13 at County Stadium and shook from the cold wind which blew through Milwaukee, through his thin topcoat, raised dust-devils on the base paths. The old man had first seen a World Series in 1906 and had watched 35 since then, but he had never had a seat like this one in the Commissioner's box with the bunting on the railing and the catcher's backside hardly a good spit away.

The old man was there to throw out the first pitch of the 1958 World Series. He threw the ball right-handed with a two-finger grip and a lot of wrist action, an action practiced from dealing five-card stud on the green baize poker table of the Phoenix Press Club. The pitch went 15 feet and Braves Catcher Del Crandall caught him fine and brought the ball back to the old man so he could give it to his grandson, Jodie Hayes.

Jim Crusinberry got to throw out the first ball because 50 years ago, on the last day of the 1908 Series (the Chicagoans took the Detroiters, four games to one), in a Detroit hotel room, 40 men sat down, hoisted a few and then formed the Baseball Writers' Association of America. Jim was one of the 40; only a handful are left.

Later, after covering baseball for the old *Chicago American*, St. Louis



Fisher's Fissure

There once was a fisherman named Fisher
Who went fishing for fish in a fissure,
Till a fish with a grim
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

—LAWRENCE STERNBERG

Post-Dispatch and *Chicago Tribune*—where he broke the details of the Black Sox scandal—*New York Daily News* and *Chicago Daily News* and writing sports for CBS in Chicago, Jim retired. Since 1948 he has been wheeling a Ford Tudor right behind the flocking birds, to a two-room apartment in Phoenix in mid-October, to roosting places in Chicago and other parts of the Midwest in mid-May.

After Bill Bruton hit one true and clean to the fence in the 10th inning and the first game was over, Jim Crusinberry lit a cigaret and sat back at his ease. In 43 years of baseball writing, he had asked the questions. Now, someone was asking him. He kind of liked it.

"The games drag out too long," said Jim. "Pitchers have a tough time because of that lively ball. That lively ball! The people just wait for someone to hit the ball over the fence and jog home."

"I'd rather see a three-base hit finish in a cloud of dust. Why, I haven't seen an outfielder throw a man out at the plate in 10 years. They have to play out too far with that lively ball. There was more strategy, more base running, more thrills with that old ball. That's the game I prefer. I like to see 'em battle for that one run."

The old man looked up to the press boxes where a few reporters lingered over their typewriters. Most of them were in the clubhouse now or headed for the Schroeder Hotel's Crystal Ballroom for food and drink.

"Haven't had a drink of whiskey in 22 years," said Jim Crusinberry. "Got disgusted with the way my hands shook some mornings. You know, sometimes at night I dream about working on the *Tribe* again, and I'm having a hell of a time getting my story in the paper, bucking the deadline. Sometimes I wish I were a young man today. . . ."

The old man tugged his topcoat about him with slender, veined hands.

"I hope that press bus is right outside the gate this time," he said. "I hate to walk across all that gravel. Hurts my legs. The legs aren't what they used to be."



This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of mosaic—the art form of ancient Byzantium, later highly developed in Italy.

Sovereign in flavor, 12 year old Chivas Regal is the glory of the Highlands...and the most wanted premium Scotch whisky in America.

CHIVAS REGAL

12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Scotland's Prince of Whiskies



The House of Chivas Regal is a family business. It is a family business that has been producing fine Scotch Whisky since 1819. The House of Chivas Regal is a family business that has been producing fine Scotch Whisky since 1819.

MANHATTAN

shows the last great champagne label of great taste of 80% "Orlon" and 20% wool. From about \$1.95 to \$3.95 at fine department stores.



THE RICH LOOK IN KNITS

Classic knit shirts of "Orlon" and wool are rich-textured, luxurious . . . keep their shape through wearing and washing

See them and you'll recognize their unmistakable luxury. Touch them and you'll feel a rare richness of texture. Wear these knit shirts of 80% "Orlon"® acrylic fiber and 20% wool and know supreme comfort. Even

more, "Orlon" enables these knits to resist stretching or shrinking washing after washing; eliminates bothersome blocking or shaping. Try some today. You'll find these knits well worth their price—and more.

ORLON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



* "Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for acrylic fiber. Note: Du Pont makes Orlon, not the fabric or clothing itself.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

MEET LONESOME GEORGE

Red Blaik's new offense, featuring an exiled end, is the season's most intriguing, and successful, innovation

by ROY TERRELL

IN THE FALL at West Point, when the ivy which clambers over the old fort's gray stone walls begins to wither and the leaves drop from the stately elms, the ghosts of Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis have a way of coming back to push aside those of MacArthur and Eisenhower and the many other great men who have marched and studied and lived inside the hallowed walls. This fall, however, Davis and Blanchard are having a hard time getting in. Standing full in their way are a pair of healthy young men who do not resemble ghosts at all. Their names are Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson and they are the two best halfbacks any football team has had in a dozen years.

Dawkins is a slashing, determined runner with tremendous speed, a sensational pass receiver and a leader, on the field and off. In fact, West Point has never seen his like as a cadet. He is first captain of the corps, captain of the football team, president of his class. In the most rigorous competitive scholastic system yet devised by man, he ranks seventh in a group of 503. He is an artist, sings in the Cadet Choir, plays half a dozen musical instruments and is the highest-scoring defenseman in eastern collegiate hockey. A big (6 feet 1, 195 pounds), angular young man with blond hair and blue eyes and an impish grin, he has somehow been vested with that rare and innate quality of leadership which shines like a beacon, and the tremendous energy to exploit it to a maximum. If Douglas MacArthur were a cadet at West Point these days, Pete Dawkins would have a good adjutant.

Anderson, a handsome young man with brown hair and green eyes, lacks his teammate's electric personality;

he is quiet and retiring and simply a nice guy. And the last thing he would consider himself is a brain. Yet he is an even better football player than Dawkins. He is bigger (6 feet 2, and 198 pounds), runs with vastly more power and is almost as fast. He is also perhaps a better passer than even the Army quarterbacks and he can block and play defense. Last year, as a sophomore, Anderson broke Glenn Davis' record by rushing 983 yards, scored 14 touchdowns and was named All-America.

This season, as Army opened its season by smashing aside first South Carolina and then Penn State, Dawkins and Anderson ran wild. Dawkins scored six touchdowns, Anderson one. Anderson also threw two touchdown passes, intercepted a handful thrown by the opposition and made tackles all over the field.

Yet neither is the man of the hour at West Point. This honor is reserved for Lonesome George Carpenter, the exiled end.

The first time you see Carpenter—his real name is Bill and he is a big, good-looking blond kid from Springfield, Pa. who wears No. 87—it is hard to be certain that he actually is a member of the football team. It is more as if he had a working agreement with the squad, and his correct position might better be described as right field (see right). Yet he is the key man in Red Blaik's exciting new offense and before the season is over they may erect a statue in his honor and place it with those of Washington and Thayer and Kosciuszko and Patton, which encircle The Plain. College football hasn't seen anything quite like Lonesome George since the invention of the forward pass.

continued



Banished from the huddle, this Diogenes among flankers spends his Saturday afternoons far out on the horizon while Anderson and Dawkins and the rest of the Army team march gaily up and down opponents' backs and Colonel Blaik clutches his usually dignified sides in spasms of glee. Usually stationed on the starboard beam (Navy will like the expression, although it may not know what to do with him, either), Carpenter races babbly around, throwing blocks at anyone who approaches or speeding downfield to draw defenders away from the true course of a play or occasionally hooking back toward the main body of troops to catch a pass. If the interest of the foe in his antics should flag, Carpenter will gallop off by himself and gather in a long throw for a touchdown. To say that his maneuvers have been successful is to understate the case. In two games, the Cadets have scored 71 points. Most of them came at moments when the visitors were goggle-eyed trying to decide whether they should watch the game or Carpenter.

How he knows what to do or when to do it is a better-kept military secret than what made the Explorer go. Nowhere in Carpenter's record is there any hint of extrasensory perception, nor do long wires trail out of his ears as he trots down the field. But he gets the signals from somewhere, although remaining aloof from his teammates, and they must be coming in loud and clear.

Actually, says Blaik, the signal system is very simple—only he won't tell what it is.

"All athletic teams have signals of some kind or another," the colonel says. "Baseball teams have signs for every pitch and play. Look, there are six other linemen and four backs and Bill can pick up the play from any or all of them. Naturally we will switch it around. Certainly the opponents will try to steal signs. But if they have the audacity to think they have it figured out, and miss just once, there we go for a touchdown."

"I will say this," adds Blaik. "Whether Carpenter is going to block or receive a pass, he has certain basic routes to follow."

The lot of football's first excommunicated end is not entirely a happy one, however. Teammates recoil when he approaches, shouting, "Go away, you have h.o." Or else they ignore



MOST FABULOUS CADET in history is talented Pete Dawkins, posing here before game with two other historic West Pointers, Coach Blaik and Douglass MacArthur.

him entirely, turning their heads to whisper, "Fest, who's he?" This routine might have been hilarious at first but to Carpenter it has long since ceased to be one which is in any danger of stopping the show. Still, it is much better to be famous than hobbling around on crutches with a badly cut foot, which is what happened to him at the first of the 1957 season. And if other solace is needed, Bill Carpenter is one aspiring general who will long be remembered as the man who modernized Army, even if he never makes Pfc. Without him, Colonel Blaik and the Black Knights of the Hudson would still be bumping along in a model T.

FLORIDA FLORA AND FAUNA

Last winter Blaik took a vacation, something he had overlooked for 10 years, and after losing the Navy game for the fourth time in seven seasons, he undoubtedly needed it. But as others about him observed the wondrous flora and fauna of the Florida beaches, the good colonel's concentration was disrupted by thoughts of football. Instead of visions of bikini-clad cupcakees passing in review, Blaik could see only the

bumps and bruises of his poor little warriors back at the Point. Something, he decided, must be done.

"We just didn't have the personnel," he says, "to match most of our opponents, including Navy. For four games last year we were all right. Then the pounding began to show. It wasn't entirely that the defenses were catching up to our T. That was part of it, all right, but if you will check the statistics you will see that we still managed to do rather well. The trouble was that in order to overcome the defenses, we were paying a terrific price. Six or seven men were playing 55 and 60 minutes of every game, and you simply can't play football that way any more. We expended a year's supply of football energy in the first four games."

"We had to get away, at least partially, from impact football, and the solution was to dislocate the defense to a degree. We had to open up the attack to get rid of those eight- and 11-man lines. We had to do something about those corner men; it was virtually impossible to get around them any more. We needed better blocking angles. So I began to think..."

The idea which finally emerged

was basically what Blaik unveiled against startled South Carolina two Saturdays ago. At the risk of banishment from the Football Writers' Association, it might be explained simply as a wing T with an unbalanced line. This much, of course, was hardly new, except to Army, which has dutifully slugged its way overland for years in the old tight T. But Blaik also introduced halfbacks who threw the football around like dislocated quarterbacks—and he came up with Lonesome George.

"Football," he says, explaining the reasoning behind 1958's most delightful innovation, "is an awful lot like warfare. You put some troops out there and the enemy has to cover them. You outflank him and you've got him licked. So Carpenter was the real key. He's a big boy, 6 feet 2, I think, and about 295 pounds. He was a hack in high school and a basketball player and a track man. Runs the dashes and hurdles. Anyway, he can move and he has good hands. An excellent receiver. All of this makes it rather difficult for one defensive man to cover him. I won't say that it can't be done, but the young man who tries is going to have a very busy afternoon. I think most teams will have to detail two men to the job—which is what we were after. This spreads the defense."

When Blaik first presented the idea to his staff, the reaction was hardly sensational. "I'm afraid," the colonel says, "that they lacked my enthusiasm."

Today, everyone is enthusiastic about Lonesome George. Not only the coaching staff but the cadet brigade and the faculty and fans and fellow coaches are cramming tight little Michie Stadium to see more. And Blaik, who is in his 25th year as a head football coach and has earned just about every honor the profession can bring, has to admit that he hasn't had so much fun in years.

"It does seem to be attracting attention," the colonel says. "Warren Giese at South Carolina told me that after our game, he received over 100 calls from coaches—the report is probably exaggerated—who wanted to see films and diagrams to find out how it works. They tell me a team someplace is already using it."

Last Saturday Duke did use it, or at least Bill Murray's own personal variation, and Duke won its first game of the season, beating Illinois

continued

*I'd part with
anything but
my ADLERS*



The Shrink-Controlled Adler SC has a hefty, he-man feel. And because it's lamb's wool with nylon reinforcing, it wears better and longer. Guaranteed not to shrink or Adler gives you your money back. In yellow, maroon, camel, red, navy, green, flannel gray, charcoal, brown, powder blue, black or white \$1. The most popular leisure sock in the Adler line.

"Choice of Olympic Champions"

THE **ADLER** COMPANY
Cincinnati 14, Ohio



*Varsity-Town
Clothes*

THE STYLE MAJOR CREATES
THE NEW STYLE MASTERPIECE

**WATER
MILL
TWEEDS**



Classic
Casualness
is portrayed in
CEREY-loomed
**WATER MILL
TWEED**
Sport Coats

Above all else . . . a Sport Coat should be a casual, cheerful "escape" from a conventional suit. Varsity Town designs and Cerey looms Water Mill Tweeds to do this daringly and delightfully Fall '58 versions of these best-loved Tweed Sport Coats feature stripes and "bones" in rich and varied tones . . . so each coat teams with at least two different slacks. Trimly, comfortably modeled

Featured by 800 Leading Style Stores, including:

Lytton's, Chicago
Don Marche, Seattle
Miller's, Knoxville
Gardner's, Lafayette
The Helm, Columbus
Coulmace's, Pittsburgh

Filene's, Boston
Parfery's, Phoenix
Barry's, Wichita
Pinsky's, Akron
Bla's, Dayton

The H. A. Salesheimer Co., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

The Necht Co., Washington
Besse Clark, Pittsfield
Popular D & Co., El Paso
Frankenberger's, Charleston
Black's, Birmingham

MEET LONESOME GEORGE *continued*

15-13. In another week or two the whole country is liable to climb on the boat.

"Mind you," Black says, "I'm still just as apprehensive about it as I was the week before our first game. Nothing ever started off so perfectly. Yet I know that it isn't perfect. Someone with equal or better manpower will come along, and then. . ."

Next Saturday, Army plays Notre Dame.

There is more to this Army team than Carpenter and Dawkins and Anderson, of course. A junior quarterback from Miami, Joe Caldwell, has developed into a really fine passer who also runs the old Army drive series with a great deal of skill. And the stunting, looping defensive line, led by Carpenter and an ornery 210-pound guard named Bob Novogratz, absolutely chilled the South Carolina and Penn State running games.

It is not a smooth, machinelike Army team. It makes mistakes, it draws penalties in wholesale lots, it fumbles. But when it clicks, it is one of the most lethally exciting teams college football has seen. Running and passing, the Cadets have made 1,030 yards in two games. Whether Notre Dame will be able to stop them or not, Saturday's affair at South Bend is going to be a lot of fun. And so will all the others the Cadets play this year. Especially now that they have Lonesome George.

Out in the Middle West last Saturday, our correspondent Nick Thummesch was watching a game that tried to steal the headlines from Mat-su and Quemoy. Afterward, he sent us this report:

The University of Michigan is not a rich boy's school nor is Michigan State a poor boy's school, but there is a difference. Michigan is a giant among colleges, with an enrollment of 21,450 and academic standards which are the highest in the Big Ten. At Michigan there are 141 years of tradition, including 18 conference championships in football, 453 victories and 44 All-America players. Michigan State, on the other hand, claims to do nothing more than fulfill its function as a state university, to serve the educational needs of a broad cross-section of people.

At Michigan, Coach Bennie Oosterbaan refuses to enter the madcap recruiting hassle which rages these days

for football players. Tradition and the evident advantages one finds at Ann Arbor, he patiently explains, will have to do. "We have had good teams and we'll have more."

At East Lansing, Duffy Daugherty, the smiling Irishman with the charm-school approach, is one of football's best and busiest recruiters, and if Michigan State has no tradition to speak of, he couldn't care less; in six of the last eight seasons, he has had better football teams than Michigan. "We're the world's best and oldest cow college," he says, "and I don't want to see us stop."

There is room in this country, of course, for both the Michigans and the Michigan States. Perhaps it is an unconscious awareness of this fact that causes the citizenry to get all fired up for the annual Michigan-Michigan State game. Like the battles between Republicans and Democrats, Yankees and Braves, Silky Sulivans and Tim Tams, it attracts attention, and last week's big game had been a 76,000-seat sellout since July. Michigan State was favored by two touchdowns. Still, the big crowd came out to see what would happen.

What happened was that Michigan tied State 12-12. The Wolverines, bursting with tradition, piled up a two-touchdown lead in the first half on a 41-yard run with an intercepted lateral by End Gary Prahst, and a succession of deadeye passes by substitute Quarterback Bob Ptacek sandwiched around the impressive running of Brad Myers. Throughout the first half, Michigan State usually found itself in the same relative position of Quarterback Greg Montgomery as the gun went off: flat on the seat of its pants.

But back came State in the second half, battering away until five starters had to be dragged off the field. Then Dean Look broke loose on a sizzling 90-yard punt return, after which the entire Michigan State team drove 97 yards to tie up the game.

Bennie Oosterbaan smiled, and his players shook each other's hands. It was really very quiet. Tradition is like that, you know.

As for Daugherty, he grinned. "We came back, but we didn't come back far enough. Maybe this will make us a good football team." That will be more evident after Saturday afternoon, when Michigan State will be vigorously tested by some tough and undefeated visitors from the University of Pittsburgh.

END

**Prepare for perfect electric
shaves** with Pre-Shaving Lotion.
Conditions the beard;
helps tauten the skin; counteracts
perspiration; makes it easy
to get a clean, close shave. \$1¹⁰



For men who must be at their best
YARDLEY OF LONDON, Inc.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulas, containing imported and domestic ingredients. 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

HEY, THOSE FOREIGNERS ARE CLOSING THE GAP

Two global team competitions, the World Amateur and the Canada Cup matches, will give golf a special international flavor this year and test this country's leadership

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

A HUNDRED YEARS ago the only people who played golf were the Scots. They had started to play the game in a rudimentary way as far back as 1100, some scholars say, though they are not prepared to bet their bottom shilling on the exact shape the game took in those remote days. The first golf club we know of, Royal Blackheath, was established in 1608 outside of London to accommodate the interest of James VI of Scotland who had become James I of England. However, it was not until the middle of the 18th century that the first permanent golf clubs were formed, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers in 1744 and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews shortly afterward in 1754. By 1858, a century ago, there were some 38 golf clubs in existence. These included most of the other "classical" Scottish clubs (such as Prestwick, Carnoustie and North Berwick) in addition to a mild sprouting of foreign clubs founded by groups of Scots transplanted to foreign climes; Old Manchester in England; Royal Calcutta (and later Royal Bombay) in India, to which the jute trade had drawn as settlers the representatives of many Scottish companies; and Pau in southern France, just north of the Pyrenees, where golf was started by two Scottish officers who had been stationed in that area during the Peninsular War and who, some 20 years later, returned on holiday with their golf clubs and began to play on the plains of Billeire.

A hundred years ago, the gutta-percha ball had been "perfected"—it had been introduced some 10 years before—and the game was definitely on the verge of its first considerable expansion, but from the point of view of tournament play, golf was very young. There was no British Open and there wouldn't be for another two years. The inauguration of the British Amateur was a full 27 years away. The runner-up in that first Amateur Championship in 1885 and winner of it the next two years was Horace G. Hutchinson, then a young man in his mid-20s, an age at which most good athletes were not attracted to golf in those days. Hutchinson, from North Devon, represented the first English golf club in which the guiding catalysts had been Englishmen, as opposed to Scottish colonists. Charles Kingsley, the novelist, was an intimate friend of Captain Molesworth,

one of the club's founders, and as Robert Browning, the gifted golf historian and not the poet, has written, the members of that club—with a breadth of view golfers have not always been celebrated for—took the name of their course from the novel Kingsley had been working on during a stay in the good captain's house: *Westward Ho!*

The purpose of this brief journey into the past, as is probably self-evident, is to point out how small and contained the game was, how far and how fast it has come in the last 100 years. What provokes this retrospection at this immediate moment is the fact that 1958 will go down in the file cards of future historians as a significant year in the game's relentless conquest of the green and brown corners of the earth: this autumn two great international competitions will be taking place together for the first time—on November 20-23, two-man professional teams representing over 30 countries will be meeting at the Club de Golf in Mexico City in the sixth annual Canada Cup match, already more than an embryonic classic; a month or so previous to this, on October 8-11, four-man teams of amateur golfers coming from some 30 countries will be convening at the Old Course in St. Andrews for the first World Amateur Team Championship and its Eisenhower Trophy. Bob Jones, whose illness has prevented him from traveling abroad since the war, has agreed to go over as captain of the United States team and has shipped his electric cart across so that he will be a mobile leader on the Old Course. Jones's keen involvement epitomizes the hold which this new event has already gained on the minds of golfers throughout the world. As the chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal & Ancient recently put it, "The match should



WORLD AMATEUR'S EISENHOWER TROPHY

be exciting, but above and beyond that it will be an occasion. Everyone will be there, from everywhere. Just picture the Big Room of the R&A clubhouse swarming with people of all colors, talking away in many different languages, all having something in common without even trying."

In a different direction, one of the riddles of our contemporary civilization is that the enormously increased means of communication haven't always made for better communication. There are, for example, a surprisingly large number of Americans who have the lingering idea that we are the only nation that knows anything at all about golf and that any one of a hundred of our amateurs could go over to, say, Spain and carry off the Open championship while wearing street shoes. If this is a little wrong, it is also somewhat understandable. Since the mid-'20s when Hagen went all the way to the top in the British Open four times and Bobby Jones completed the shatteringly successful American invasion of the game's historic home, it is true that the United States has dominated golf and sparked its progress in many laudable directions. The American development of the scientifically interbalanced set of steel-shafted clubs has made the game far more playable for the countless average golfers of the world, and this ranks only behind the invention of the rubber-cored ball by Coburn Haskell of Cleveland at the turn of the century as our most important technical contribution. For another thing, our professionals have long led the way in exploring and refining the modern technique of hitting the golf ball, and for this they deserve tremendous credit. Our winter professional tour, in a worded way, has become something of an Oxford and Cambridge of golf, a university of higher learning attracting players from all the other continents eager to improve their skills by studying at the feet of our acknowledged masters. But where some of us seem to go wrong is in thinking that simply because we have been in the forefront of the game for three decades now we alone love it, understand it and produce players of marked ability. This isn't quite so. In the last decade especially, the golfers (both amateur and professional) of other countries have been closing what had been a large gap between our degree of proficiency and theirs, and today it

continued



PROFESSIONALS VAN CONCK OF BELGIUM, NAKAMURA OF JAPAN PLAYED IN '88 MASTERS

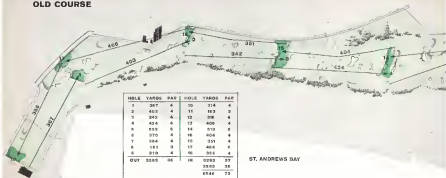


SOUTH AFRICA'S PLAYER, SECOND IN THE 1968 U.S. OPEN, AND ARGENTINA'S RUIZ

AUSTRALIA'S THOMSON (BELOW, IN THE 1967 U.S. OPEN) IS A WORLDWIDE GOLFER



ST. ANDREWS OLD COURSE



ST. ANDREWS BAY

WORTHY HOST TO THE FIRST WORLD AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE THE OLD COURSE AT ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND, BIRTHPLACE

WORLD GOLF continued

is not a predetermined thing at all that if an American team enters an international competition it will be a sure winner. The recent renaissance of golf in Great Britain, for example, has seen their teams take the Ryder and Curtis cups, and their amateurs could very well complete the sweep by winning the Walker Cup next spring, for they are a good crop. This last August in their annual match against a side of the top British pros, the amateurs beat them for the first time—and more than that, routed them by a score of 9½-5½.

Two events which took place last year brought into bold relief the advances foreign golfers have made. First, there was the Ryder Cup match last October which we lost for the first time since 1933 and lost in a rather shocking fashion, dropping six and tying one of the eight singles matches after having ostensibly wrapped up the cup for another two years by taking a 3-1 lead in the first day's four-somes. I shall always remember two related conversations whenever I think of that 1957 Ryder Cup match. About a week before the event took place, during a visit to the Midwest I happened to sit in on a conversation at a golf club between the resident pro, a fine young player from the Southwest, and two members of the club. They were voicing the careful opinion that the British might have a chance since our team didn't include all of our best players—Hogan, Snead, Demaret and Middlecoff, for exam-

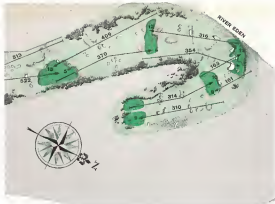
ple. "No need to worry just because some of those oldtimers aren't going across," the young pro said with a facile wave of the hand. "I know all of the boys who made the team, I played against them on the circuit, I've watched them a lot, and I can assure you they're terrific players. They are loaded with talent and they're tournament-tough, magnificent competitors. In fact, I think they'll give us a much stronger team than if we lugged some of those old stars across again. They've had it." The young pro's prediction was that we would drop two points, three at the most.

TOO GREEN

A week or so later, on the Sunday morning on which the papers carried the news of the British victory, I happened to drop into the club again. Everyone in the grillroom was talking about the Ryder Cup match—even granting the difficulty of adapting to foreign conditions, it seemed absolutely incredible that our team could have been handled the way they most certainly had been by a group of unecelebrated British golfers. I joined a table where the pro was explaining how it had happened. "I've been predicting all along that we would lose," he was saying with a facile wave of the hand. "That wasn't any representative American team, not without Ben and Sam on it, or Cary or Jimmy. These young kids we sent across aren't bad boys but, let's face it, they're pretty green. I used to play with them out there on the cir-

cuit, and I usually would give them a stroke a side to make a match of it. It all boils down to this: we sent a bunch of boys on a man's errand." Perhaps the real lesson to be learned from the loss of the Ryder Cup was the obvious one: on a given day a group of British pros, playing determined golf, are now again capable of defeating a team of excellent American pros who are slightly off the stick.

About three weeks after this the sports world suddenly became aware of Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura and Koichi Ono. These two Japanese pros were expected to do fairly well in the 1957 Canada Cup match, since it was being held on their native heath, at the Kasamigasaki Country Club outside of Tokyo. However, no one looked for them to carry off, as they did, a competition against the likes of Snead and Demaret, Dai Rees and Dave Thomas of Wales, Peter Thomson and Bruce Crampton of Australia, Stan Leonard and Al Balding of Canada, Peter Allis and Ken Bousfield of England, and Harold Henning and Gary Player of South Africa, to name the most formidable rival teams. Nakamura and Ono went going away, 9 shots ahead of the runners-up, Snead and Demaret. There was nothing fluky about their victory either. They indeed putted better than anybody else, but they also played at least as well as anybody else from tee to green. Although this Japanese triumph was far and away the most stunning episode in Canada Cup history, it was not the first time a team other than the United States



OF THE MODERN GAME AND THE STAGE OF MANY OF ITS MOST DRAMATIC EVENTS

Drawing by Jack Ross

had won the match. Argentina (Tony Cerda and Roberto de Vicenzo) captured the first Canada Cup congregation at Beaconsfield (outside of Montreal) in 1953. Australia (Thomson and Kel Nagle) won in 1954 at Laval-sur-le-Lac (also outside of Montreal). Then there followed two American victories, Chick Harbert and Ed Furgol finishing first at the Columbia Club in Washington in 1955, and the dream team of Hogan and Sneed repeating the following year over the "Burma Road" course at Wentworth in England.

A lot of the credit for this enlivening state of affairs should go to the late John Jay Hopkins and the unknown man (or men) who worked out the format for the Canada Cup. First, by setting it up so that the competing nations would send teams of only two men, it was made possible for the golf-small countries to be adequately enough represented, for while there will not be a whole brigade of able professionals in a country like Belgium or Colombia or Korea, there usually are a couple of players of caliber. This format at the same time eliminated the embarrassing margins that would have resulted for the United States and the other major golfing countries had six- or eight-man teams been called for, and teams of this size had been conventional in international golf over the years. In addition, the unknown planner (or planners) had a stroke of genius in establishing a method of scoring for the event that was both simple and different. A team's score is the aggre-

gate of both of its two players' total scores—for 72 holes of medal play. For example, Japan's winning score last year was 557, compounded from Nakamura's 274 (68,68,67,71) and Ono's 283 (73,70,68,72). This makes for continuing pressure on both players which is quite different from four-ball play where a hot golfer can carry an off-form partner without its showing too gravely on the board. To stay in the running in Canada Cup play, then, both members of a team must perform well, and the fine thing about this is that it puts the emphasis just where it should be: on the team rather than on the individual. There are a number of people, by the way, who think that the administrators of the Canada Cup would be wise to eliminate the tabulations and the prizes for the best individual scoring since this merely detracts from the team aspect of the meeting.

The Canada Cup match is sponsored and conducted by the International Golf Association, an organization founded by the late Mr. Hopkins, the American industrialist. Its present head is Frank Pace Jr., the former Secretary of the Army, who succeeded Mr. Hopkins as President of General Dynamics, and its man-in-the-field is Fred Corcoran, the veteran golf promoter who must surely be the most traveled Bostonian since Frances Parkman first hit the Oregon Trail. The IGA has always selected excellent and interesting courses and, all in all, has operated its tourney on a very high plane.

It deserves to be congratulated for

having perceived that the day of multinational golf had arrived and for nursing a commendable idea into an event that has fiber and color—and all this in half a dozen years.

The format for the World Amateur Team Championship is a bit different and, in its own way, quite striking. Each member nation will be represented by a team of four men, and the championship will be played at 72 holes medal play, 18 holes on four days. Each day each team will arrive at its score for that day by totaling the three lowest rounds of its four players. For illustration, let us say that on the first day player A has a 70, player B a 77, player C an 81 and player D a 76; the team's score for this day would be $223=70+76+77$. On the second day, to continue, with player A around in 73, B in 72, C in 76 and D in 77, the team's score would be $221=72+73+76$. And so on. The team's score for the tournament, then, is the sum of its three-man totals for each of the four days of play. One never knows until a plan is put into practice how well it will work, but on paper permitting a team to discard its highest round for a day should help the countries who are comparatively young in golf and whose less experienced players are more likely to run into wide fluctuation in their scoring. Thus, in any event, is what the body governing the event hopes the flexibility will accomplish.

This governing body is known as the World Amateur Golf Council. It was formed last spring at a meeting in Washington of the representatives of the official golf associations of some 35 countries, with the USGA and the R&A acting as the restrained leaders. I don't think it's an irrelevancy to relate the effect which this meeting in Washington had on one of the American delegates, Richard Tufts of Pinehurst, N.C., a man who has given as much of himself to the game as anyone I can think of. As many golfers know from visiting him in his lair, the village of Pinehurst is about as New England as you can get, and Mr. Tufts' office is a superb, unspoiled example of 19th-century Boston office décor. It's a high-ceilinged room, with walls of stained wood, old desks and old chairs set atop an old wooden floor and, if I remember correctly, the general sobriety is pecked up by dark green window shades and some sepia photographs. It has a pungent

continued

atmosphere, and in its grip you half expect a messenger to burst through the door and proclaim, "Vicksburg has fallen!" or at the very least and latest, "William Jennings Bryan is running again!" On the day I am referring to, Mr. Tufts was seated at his desk wearing one pair of glasses and nervously twirling another pair. Although he is usually the courtliest of men in exchanging salutations, it was clear that there was something on his mind which he wanted to get out as fast as he could. "This last weekend," he suddenly said with a rush, "I had my top experience in golf." Continuing in this charged-up style, he described the convention of the representatives from all over the world, what had been arrived at, and how it had been. "It was the spirit of speaking up which I liked," he said at length in conclusion. "We were a little afraid that the men from the small countries would assume that the USGA and R&A would want to run the show and so would be a little passive. Not at all. We couldn't have been wronger in our guess. They were a remarkable group of men, and they all had ideas, very definite ones, good ones, and they were there to state them. I suppose that is what I have always enjoyed about my association

with golfers everywhere. When you have that spirit of speaking up, you get to know people and everyone is enriched."

Mr. Tufts' informal thoughts, as hardly needs to be underlined, come close to synthesizing the whole idea behind international competition in sports. For all the honest glamour and the extra tingle of excitement which a match between men from different nations inevitably produces, these events would have a slightly hollow ring unless the players patently found pleasure in competing against rivals raised hundreds or thousands of miles away, finding that they were fundamentally the same kind of people as themselves, being wholeheartedly charmed by this recognition, and going on from this first bridge of mutual respect to rewarding friendships. Ironically, and sometimes tragically, there are at least as many instances where international sports competitions have bred misunderstanding, a heavy underbrush of insinuation springing up when jingoistic camp followers and overdedicated national officials have transmuted technical issues into rhabarbs and the other flora of discord. Golf certainly has had its rickety moments but, over the long haul it is hard to think of a sport which has flourished as well as an authentic common denominator

for international good will. Some say that this takes place because of the rambling structure of the game and its setting, because the code and mystique of the game are so defined and because the game lends itself so naturally to conversation of the course and to the other strengthening social amenities. Whatever it is—and surely all of these contribute—there is an unmistakable homogeneity of viewpoint among golfers wherever they are located just as there is, for instance, among theater people everywhere. The local differences only seem to make the visitor from a foreign land more aware of how much he shares in common with the resident fellow golfer.

PORTABLE FAIRWAY

In the world today there are about 15 million golfers—an estimated 5 million in this country, another 2 million or so in Great Britain, and considerable numbers also in the Dominion nations, Argentina and Japan. To accommodate nine reasonably good holes something like 80 acres are needed, and this space requirement (along with the high cost of maintaining a course, let alone the cost of building one) has necessarily limited the game's expansion in many countries. But what is astonishing is the length golfers will go to, and have always gone to, in order to play the game even in the most topographically inhospitable locales. In the Wadristan sector of India, the mountainland bordering Afghanistan to which British civil servants and army officers annually fled to escape the intolerable summer heat in the plains, the courses were almost entirely composed of rocks and crags, but the golfers found a solution: each player carried his own portable fairway, a small square of door matting, which provided a playable lie and onto this the ball was transferred stroke by stroke around the jagged layout. At the old Royal Bombay golf club, in contradistinction, the terrain was flat and hazards practically nonexistent. There, to introduce a spot of challenge into the game, the members erected large canvas screens at strategic points. In many parts of India, for example around New Delhi, the appeal of the golf course is somewhat complicated by the presence of snakes. Sometimes they frequent the rough, but they do not like it overly because it is the haunt of mosquitoes, which snakes

THE WORLD'S MAJOR GOLFING NATIONS

	NO. OF COURSES	POPULATION	POPULATION PER COURSE
UNITED STATES	5,600	164,598,000	29,341
GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND	1,600	54,103,000	33,815
AUSTRALIA	1,300	9,533,334	7,333
CANADA	625	16,650,000	25,440
SO. AFRICA	400	13,915,000	34,787
NEW ZEALAND	340	2,208,780	6,496
SO. RHODESIA	200	2,480,000	12,400
JAPAN	97	90,000,000	927,835
FRANCE	70	45,787,000	625,529
ARGENTINA	68	19,470,000	286,324
INDIA	56	381,690,000	6,815,893
SWEDEN	48	7,341,123	152,940
BURMA	42	19,858,000	472,762
GERMANY	41	53,500,000	1,304,878
KENYA	40	6,150,000	153,750
MEXICO	33	30,585,000	925,394
MALAYA	25	6,252,000	250,040
SWITZERLAND	24	5,023,000	209,292
ITALY	21	48,223,000	2,296,343
TANGANYIKA	20	8,069,000	403,450
BRAZIL	19	61,000,000	3,210,526

continued

MIRON'S COURIER CLOTH tailored exclusively by **MICHAELS-STERN**

Whether you have a full day at the desk or a full evening ahead, a Courier Cloth Suit gives you the inner satisfaction of knowing that outwardly you're looking your best. Thank Miron's 100% virgin wool worsted that wears and wears and holds its shape wonderfully well. Superbly crafted by Michaels-Stern...and priced sensibly at \$69.50. For name of nearest store write: Michaels-Stern, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester 2, N.Y.

day and night

the suit
that's right*



*Dress Right... you can't afford not to.

Firestone's launching '59 models



*A spectacular new cord material, **TYREX**, gives you the greatest combination for safety,*

NEW TYREX CORD DELIVERS THESE EXTRAS!

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. <i>Longer Mileage</i> | 4. <i>Smoother Ride</i> |
| 2. <i>Easier Rolling</i> | 5. <i>Greater Safety</i> |
| 3. <i>Saves Gasoline</i> | 6. <i>Quieter Operation</i> |

The spectacular new Firestone De Luxe Champion, with both TYREX cord and Firestone Rubber-X, earned its rave notices the hard way. Months of laboratory and test-track punishment proved it. World-famous automotive industry research facilities proved it again. Millions of test miles on back road and turnpike made it official.

New Firestone Rubber-X is tough, rugged and long wearing. New TYREX is the strongest cord material ever used in standard original equipment tires. Exhaustive tests prove TYREX cord

on a great new kind of tire!



*together with FIRESTONE RUBBER-X,
strength and long mileage you've ever known!*

offers added safety at high speeds—helps hush road noise with a new softer ride. Tests prove this new kind of Firestone tire, with Firestone Rubber-X and TYREX cord, stands up, performs, and protects you and your family mile after mile.

These new Firestone De Luxe Champion tires are standard equipment on leading new 1959 models. You can get them for your present car, at regular prices and on convenient terms, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Stop in for full details about Firestone Rubber-X and TYREX cord, the big news in tires today.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1958, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on ABC television every Monday evening

the fiber is Courtaulds Coloray®

THE COLOR IS FOREVER



Brentwood SPORTSWEAR MAKES A SWEATER WITH GREAT ZEST FOR LIVING, THANKS TO A NEW YARN OF COLORAY, COURTAULDS COLORFASTNESS FIBER, BLENDED WITH ORLON®. A PLEASURE TO WASH AND WEAR. POWDER BLUE, CHARBLUE, TAN, CHARBROWN, GREY, OXFORD. 36-46, ABOUT \$8 WITH SLEEVES, \$6 SLEEVELESS. AT STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE COURTAULDS (ALABAMA) INC., 600 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20

WHY SO GOOD FOR SWEATERS? BECAUSE COLORAY SPINS INTO A SOFT, RICH YARN THAT STAYS COLORFUL FOREVER! EVEN MACHINE WASHING IN HOT WATER WON'T FADE OR STREAK COLORAY COLORS. NOR WILL STRONG BLEACHES, PERSPIRATION, SUNLIGHT OR HARD WEAR.

COURTAULDS
COLORAY

Solution-dyed rayon fiber with Captive Color
... "Can't Escape!"



cannot abide. Consequently, they are more commonly found basking in the sunshine in the paths. In any event, it is hard for a golfer to keep his mind on his hip pivot if he also has to think about his self-protection; so on many Indian courses, where a caddy is only 20¢, a golfer hires not only a caddy to carry his bag but also a forecaddy who takes care of the reptile department. These forecaddies are called *agoyivolaks*, which literally means people who go before. At the Chembur course outside of Bombay the forecaddies are armed with red flags which they drop near the ball when it comes to rest, for these flags scare away the ravens which love golf balls and hang around the course hoping to swoop down and pick up a high-compression meal.

MONSTROSITIES OVERCOME

In the Near East, where the land is almost sheer desert, the golfers have refused to become reconciled to the impossibility of playing a game which ordinarily requires grass. They have built desert courses in which they substitute "browns" for "greens." These "browns," perfectly flat, of course, are made of fine earth soaked with heavy engine oil. They will hold an approach shot somewhat better than the crusty, pebbly type of desert and they put a lot better than loose sand. There is a course in the middle of Chile's barren Atacama Desert, where the borders of the fairway are demarcated by chalk lines; if you are inside the lines, presumably you can take a preferred lie. There is a nice little course in the mining town of Oruro in Bolivia 12,000 feet above sea level, and one at the same altitude in nearby La Paz. The lowest golf course in the world at the present accounting stretches along the sand and shingle of the northern shores of the Dead Sea in Kallin, and so it goes. Whatever the monstrosity of the physical problem, golf will out, apparently. In the old days most of these strange and improbable courses were pioneered by British military garrisons or civil affairs cadres, or just by the overseas business colony, it being their custom to start laying out the skeleton for nine holes the moment after the local water supply had been tested and found drinkable. Today the golf flag follows the mining engineer and the oil engineer to far-off places. In the Witwaters-



FORMER USGA PRESIDENT RICHARD TUFTS HELPED FOUND WORLD AMATEUR COUNCIL

rand region of South Africa, for illustration, a tableland 6,000 feet above the sea, there are some 50 golf clubs since nearly every gold mine has its own course.

The result of this wide-scale sowing of the seeds over the last century is that today there are capable golf players in almost every land under the sun. Even in countries like Finland and Thailand and Egypt, where there are only a handful of courses and the game mainly serves the international colony, adept native players have developed. Of course it takes a little time to produce home-grown professionals good enough to hold their own against the game's best exponents who have had the advantages of growing up in the traditionally golf-minded environments. Take as an illustration the case of Argentina, which is typical enough. The first recorded golf match there was a struggle in 1892 between two Scotsmen, a Mr. Seroggie and a Mr. Masters, who fought it out over a makeshift course where, for hazards, as an eye-witness recorded, "there were belts of trees, ditches, roads, wire fences, cows, etc., and many a fix the players got into as the remains of Mr. Seroggie's golf clubs can testify."

Some 40 years after this majestic duel, after the resident Britishers and the Argentines themselves had ringed Buenos Aires with handsome golf clubs (including, naturally, one called San Andres), an Argentine pro came within a stroke at Carnoustie of winning the 1931 British Open. He was José Jurado, a gifted and high-strung chap, and all he had to do to clinch a tie for first in that Open was to finish with two pars.

On the 11st he drove into the Barry Burn and went one over. Then, needing a birdie 4 on the short par-5 final hole to tie the Tommy Armour for first, he completely bewildered the thousands watching when he played the hole safely for a 5. Jurado later explained that, speaking only Spanish, he didn't know what score he had to make first to win, then to tie. He would have been a colorful champion—that's for sure. His approach to golf was distinctly Mediterranean, and this made him a constant nettle to the etiquette-minded Englishmen who were fussily superintending the growth of the game in the Plata Basin. Just before his near miss in the British Open, Jurado shocked them thoroughly after finishing a round in

continued

Buenos Aires with the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales. On saying goodby, the Prince graciously invited Jurado to drop in for tea at Windsor Castle if he went through with his plans to play in the Open that summer. "Thanks," Jurado replied, whipping out pencil and paper. "Could you write down the address?"

As regards the amateur stars developed in foreign countries, the general pattern is very much like it is in our country: a sizable percentage are the sons of well-to-do families with the wherewithal to hurl themselves intensely into the waiting game, and a good proportion, of course, are men who work for a living and periodically take the time out to play in tournaments. One extremely colorful example of that first type of amateur and the man who will probably play at the head of the French team at the assembly at St. Andrews is Count Henri de Lamaze. De Lamaze has never been any great shakes on his golf visits to England and Scotland, but what a record he has compiled in the French Amateur against the best British and American competition! Henri has won it nine times in all, 1947, '48, '49, '50, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58, and in so doing has taken the measure of such worthy players as Harvie Ward, Joe Conrad and Don Blasinghoff.

De Lamaze winters in Paris, summers in Monte Carlo and breaks up his routine with golf trips to Belgium, Spain, Italy and the other nearby countries. (Last April he came to America for the Masters but didn't play impressively.) Henri has never had to work for a living. He draws a comfortable income from the proceeds of the estates of the De Lamaze family in southwestern France and from the inherited wealth acquired by his maternal grandmother, an heiress of the Michelin industrial combine. He took up golf at St. Cloud outside Paris when he was 20, largely to please his father, who was a dedicated, if average, player. In 1938, when his handicap was 18, he won a minor event. Excited by this, he decided to see how good he could get. A year later, when he reached the quarterfinals of the national championship, he had got his handicap down to three. However, the championship which made De Lamaze a champion was the 1945 native event in which he was defeated



WEALTHY COUNT HENRI DE LAMAZE of France, shown above with MacGregor Vice-President Henry Cowan, is one of the Continent's most successful amateur golfers.

in the final. "I was 5 up with seven holes to play," he was recalling recently, "when my nerves went completely to pieces. My opponent squared the match on the 35th hole, and I finally lost it on the 37th. After this I was the butt of the remarks of a number of people who said I would never recover from this calamitous defeat." De Lamaze spent the next two years in rigorous training, playing or practicing seven hours a day, all this activity directed at overcoming his nervousness, his major weakness. Since that time his nerves have been well enough subdued for him to have compiled his incredible domestic record, but not so well under control that he has not on several occasions lost his temper and been guilty of acts of poor sportsmanship, such as fidgeting on a green while his opponent is putting. He is aware of it and is working on it.

If, however, one were to try to select one fairly typical foreign amateur and one fairly typical foreign

pro to illustrate how the top golfers throughout the world are fundamentally very much the same as our American golfers and yet always a bit different, you probably could not do better than Joe Carr and Harry Bradshaw, Ireland's leading amateur and leading professional, respectively. Carr, who is now 36 and who has twice won the British Amateur, has been referred to by more than one observer as Ireland's Billy Joe Patton: he is a long and exciting and somewhat unconventional hitter; in personality he is gay and bright and intelligent, admirable both in defeat and victory; and, a true amateur, he plugs away hard at his job and squeezes in his golf when he can. Joe, who started as a salesman for a Dublin clothing house, is now a partner in a firm which manufactures ladies' and children's coats and dresses. He works from 9:30 to 5:30 daily when not engaged in competitions, plays his golf after hours and practices it before. He lives alongside the Sutton



IRELAND'S JOE CARR is clothing manufacturer, 1958 British Amateur champion.



SCOTLAND'S REID JACK is Glasgow stockbroker and 1957 British Amateur winner.

Golf Club, and each morning from January through October, the weather permitting, he trots onto the course after breakfast and knocks out a batch of balls. The length of Joe's matutinal practice sessions depends on the light. "In January," he explained not long ago, "it doesn't get light until 8:10 or thereabouts. As it gets lighter progressively earlier in the day, I get up earlier and practice progressively longer, but I always make a point of getting to town by 9:30."

Carr will be playing for the composite Great Britain and Ireland team at St. Andrews. In the Canada Cup, Ireland will be represented by its own team, made up of Christy O'Connor and Harry Bradshaw, a rotund, rugged, jolly man of 45, who has won just about everything in British golf except the Open itself—he tied for first with Bobby Locke in 1949 but lost in the playoff. To the purely uninitiated American eye Harry's inelegant swing, baggy clothes

and his stalwart lack of professional mannerisms would lead one to mistake him at first glance for an elevator operator or television repairman who has only recently decided to try his hand at the game. Appearances notwithstanding, Harry has been in golf all his life. His father, "Ned of Delgany," was the pro at the course in that town in County Wicklow from 1908 until his death in 1949. Harry has been hitting the golf ball since he was 4 and smashed his first window. When he was a caddy he used to have an Irish hurling grip, but a local priest converted him to the orthodox grip and also improved his putting. His father imparted to him a stern and sound philosophy for the game: "The hole is always big enough for the ball. There should be no reason for it not going in." Now the professional at the celebrated Portmarnock course, Harry is renowned for his remarkably consistent play and his equally consistent disposition. He actually manages to enjoy the most arduous competitions and genuinely likes talking to his galleries. "Ah, now,"—so goes a famous Bradshaw line which he delivers with a friendly wink when things are breaking well for him—"if I fell into the sea I wouldn't get wet."

Despite the fact that they will be facing some very skillful players and some strong composite teams, the American teams stand an excellent chance of winning both the Eisenhower Trophy and the Canada Cup this fall. (The two professionals who will comprise our Canada Cup team are Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, and our four-man amateur squad now in St. Andrews is made up of Charley Coe, Billy Joe Patton, Bud Taylor and Bill Hyndman.) A victory in either event is not important, let that be said. In stout competition, winning always takes some doing, and there is everything right in feeling buoyed up and patriotic over an American victory. But above and beyond the winning and losing, to be sure, the occasion is the thing and what is really important about St. Andrews and Mexico City and the whole colorful flurry of international competition is that it represents "the spirit of speaking up" (as Mr. Tufts put it) and it affects (as the R&A spokesman pointed out) the stirring reality of people from all over the globe talking together in tens of languages and "all having something in common without even trying." **END**

Luxurious Creation

by **Sir Jac**



Cashmere Blend Suburban Coat

- Classically styled, this cashmere and wool blended *Sir Jac* is a truly luxurious garment. Rayon quilt lined. Three rich colors: light or medium grey, or light tan. Ask for Model 9392L at most good stores. Only about \$32.50.

STAHL-URBAN CO., TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA



Britishers
wear 'em
all year
'round



Same fit, same shape, after washing. Retail \$1 50. Garment length \$1 75. Free color chart. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

* An OIL PORTRAIT

- * of Van or any master of your mind - a superb portrait from life
- * or Photographs with discussion
- * how to buy your Master's "Van"
- * a Master's "Van"

Address our Branch 210
for Complete Info.

BRITISH PORTRAIT ARTISTS

Over 100 Outstanding Portrait Painters
507 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y. • GN 3-6876



The Eagles have gone Dutch

Norman Van Brocklin, a quarterback with a mind of his own and the best arm in the league, may bring Philadelphia back into the NFL championship picture

THE QUARTERBACK lumbered casually out of the huddle, leaned on the center's backside with his left hand and looked the situation over. Then the curiously high-pitched voice snapped out the count with immense confidence, and the Philadelphia Eagles went into action from the New York Giant 13-yard line.

Norman Van Brocklin took the snap from center, trotted unburdened to his right and looked for an open receiver. The big Giant linemen, most of whom are easily as fast as Van Brocklin, rumbled down on him as he looked. He faked a throw once, still moving toward the right slowly, still searching for a free receiver. The linemen were very close now, and Van Brocklin, with some 1,000 pounds of disaster falling on him, finally lofted the ball gently toward the Giant end zone. Clarence Peaks, the very fast Eagle halfback, broke free as the ball began to drop and ran under it in the untenanted corner of the end zone for a touchdown. Van Brocklin picked himself up after the Giant linemen unspiled and shambled sedately off to the sideline, the broad Dutch face wrinkled in a wide grin.

It was a typical Van Brocklin play—calm audaciously, executed with the cold, unworried precision of a surgeon. It was the kind of a play which makes the Philadelphia Eagles a 30% better football team simply by the acquisition of this 32-year-old, well-worn but neatly patched veteran of nine years' erosion in pro football.

Not that the possession of Van Brocklin is an unalloyed pleasure to a coach. The Dutchman has a wide streak of Dutch stubbornness and a strong respect for his own judgment. He runs a team brusquely and intelligently and brooks little interference from coaches who are fond of sending in plays. This may have been the

principal point of difference between him and Sid Gillman, the coach of the Los Angeles Rams. Van Brocklin, who has been known to run the same unsuccessful play three times simply to prove that it can work, does not take kindly to the strict sideline direction of the Paul Brown school of coaching, and often Gillman's messages, via shuttling linemen, only irritated Van Brocklin.

He retired briefly at the end of last season, principally because he didn't

want to play for Gillman. Van Brocklin has a fierce pride, and Gillman, obviously content to go with the more tractable Bill Wade at quarterback, didn't play Van enough to suit the Dutchman. Van Brocklin, who resented taking a bench seat to Bob Waterfield when his career began, resented even more occupying the same position to Wade. He stayed retired long enough for the Rams to make a trade with the Philadelphia Eagles.

"I didn't much want to come to the Eagles," Van said the other day. "You can't beat that West Coast living. But what else am I going to do? I guess if I knew what I'm going to do when I get through, I'd start doing it now." Since he has a warm, ingratiating personality and a master's degree in physical education, Van Brocklin's worries about a post-football career seem a bit exaggerated. He is an interesting split personality—off the field he is relaxed, fond of giving imitations (possibly his best is of Esther Williams climbing out of a swimming pool for a safety razor ad); during a game, he is likely to be irascible, a tremendous competitor with small patience for mistakes. Technically, he is probably the best passer in the league. His arms are thick, his hands stubby for a passer but immensely strong. His rubbery, slightly heavy-set body has absorbed the pounding a pro quarterback is heir to without injury. Van Brocklin is a surprisingly adept ball handler in view of his lack of speed. And his enthusiastic respect for his acumen as a play selector is justified.

"I like playing for Buck Shaw," he said. "He's a quarterback's coach." Translated, that means that Shaw, who got his early training in permissiveness as the coach of the 49ers when the un inhibited Frankie Albert was quarterback, lets the quarterback call his own game.

"Not that I'm criticizing Gillman," Van Brocklin went on. "I can't say anything against him. He never said anything to me that I could get mad about. He told some



SCOWLING ANGRILY. Norm Van Brocklin heads for the Los Angeles Ram bench en route to a new job with Philadelphia.

other people that he wanted to get rid of me, but he never told me."

Gillman got an offensive tackle and a defensive halfback for Van Brocklin, both first-line pro players, and the Eagles first draft choice rights this year, but no coach in the league would consider that he got the best of the trade. In nine seasons Van Brocklin has led the league in passing three times, in punting twice. He holds almost every Ram passing record, and he has thrown 118 touch-down passes going into the 1958 season. He can fire a slingshot-fast short pass or, with an easy flick of his meaty right arm, loft a 60-yard float-er more accurately than any other thrower in the league. In a position where the knack of taking charge is, next to marksmanship, the supreme asset, he is firmly in the saddle every minute he is on the field.

AIR THREAT HELPS

Last year the Eagles lost twice to the New York Giants, and the 1957 edition of the Giants was not nearly as good as the 1958 club. When Van Brocklin left the field Sunday, in his heavy-footed, slow trot, he left with a 27-34 victory. Of course, not all the difference was Van Brocklin; the Eagle running game is helped with the development of Clarence Peaks, and the addition of Billy Wells, a Pittsburgh castoff, who had a great day.

But—and here is another reason for Van Brocklin's tremendous value to any team—the Giants had to worry first about the Eagle air attack, and with very good reason, since the Dutchman completed 16 of 34 passes for 238 yards and two touchdowns.

Van is happy with the Eagles now. He has only one regret—the Rams are not scheduled to play the Eagles this year. And that may be the reason Gillman selected Philadelphia to trade the Dutchman to.

With Van Brocklin, the Eagles, after two games, appear to be the strongest threat to the Cleveland Browns for the Eastern Conference championship. The Browns, however, need fear no one, Van Brocklin included, in their division. After a shaky venture into the West and a 30-27 victory over Los Angeles, the Browns last week found the Pittsburgh Steelers so easy a victim (45-12) that Paul Brown rested his best quarterback, Milt Plum, and his best runner, Jim Brown, for the fourth quarter. It becomes clearer with each

continued

"I was wearing *Comfys* then, too!"



CONTINENTAL:

Luxurious premium calf, styled with smart simplicity. Black, Brown, Red. **12.60**

DANIEL GREEN MEN'S *Comfy* SLIPPERS
At better stores everywhere

DANIEL GREEN COMPANY • DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK • (Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies)



The scotch that towers above them all—

MARTIN'S V.V.O.

©MAY 1958

84 & 60% PROOF IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rex Harrison reports from London on the

Gentleman's martini

necessarily made with
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
GIN



A perfectionist in the brilliant roles he has played on stage and screen, Rex Harrison naturally demands perfection in every phase of life—including a Martini.

Reporting from London, Mr. Harrison says: "Here, as

in other sophisticated centers, the preference today is for the gentleman's Martini, meaning a Martini that establishes a harmonious rapport with the audience. Experts are in agreement that the gin must be Booth's House of Lords."



86 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

LONDON FOG MAINCOAT



SUN VALLEY SUBCOAT — exclusive with London Fog — knit collar and cuffs, caplan shoulders, black orlon pile lining and quilted sleeves. Natural, in regular sizes 36 to 46. \$29.95. So right in Zelan-treated Calibre Cloth, the famous wash'n wear 65% Dacron and 35% Combed Cotton made exclusively by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York — one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At fine stores or write London Fog Mfg. Co., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York.

REEVES *fabrics*

PRO FOOTBALL *continues*

week that Brown has finished the rebuilding process needed when Otto Graham retired.

The Chicago Cardinals, using some single-wing to supplement Pop Ivy's new double-wing T, surprised Washington and, possibly, Ivy with a magnificent running and passing attack to win easily, 37-10. The game may have spelled the end of Lamar McHan as a first-string quarterback; M. C. Reynolds, taking over from McHan late in the second quarter, completed 16 of 25 passes for 228 yards.

Coach Weeb Ewbank's five-year plan for the Baltimore Colts is right on schedule: the Colts are a superbly balanced team with all the tools a pro club must have. They proved that by whipping the Bears 51-38 and taking position as the clear-cut favorite in the West. Age appears to have withered Detroit too much; the Lions struggled for a 13-13 tie with Green Bay. The most ominous note of warning for Baltimore came from the West: the Los Angeles Rams, not missing Van Brocklin a whit, used Bill Wade's passing and a ferocious defense to rout San Francisco 33-3.

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pts. Comp.
Colts vs. Bears	51 38	147 140	178 175	10-23 16-35
Lions vs. Packers	13 13	33 114	250 208	16-29 19-34
Rams vs. Oilers	33 3	227 85	135 101	16-29 15-25
Browns vs. Steelers	45 12	192 100	242 169	16-21 8-25
Eagles vs. Giants	27 24	70 102	238 212	16-34 18-33
Cardinals vs. Redskins	37 10	261 133	270 114	11-21 9-24

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	2	0	0	1.000
Philadelphia	1	1	0	.500
Washington	1	1	0	.500
Chicago Cardinals	1	1	0	.500
New York	1	1	0	.500
Pittsburgh	0	2	0	.000

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	2	0	0	1.000
Los Angeles	1	1	0	.500
San Francisco	1	1	0	.500
Chicago Bears	1	1	0	.500
Detroit	0	1	1	.000
Green Bay	0	1	1	.000

Our wandering heavies

Faraway places and strange-sounding names threaten the prestige of our big boys

THE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT, who has been without much profit or honor in his own country, lately has taken to traveling abroad to pick up loose change in undeveloped lands where television has not yet wrecked the gate. The results have been most damaging to the prestige of our fellows. Swedish Ingemar Johansson knocked Eddie Machen from second to fifth spot in National Boxing Association ratings. The other night in London Willie Pastrano, who has been ranked No. 3, was stopped in five rounds by the totally unranked Brian London. And now Zora Folley, No. 1 boy on the NBA rankings sheet, is going to risk his high position in London on Oct. 14 against another Britisher, Henry Cooper.

On paper it does not look like too great a risk. Cooper lost three of his four 1957 fights, two by knockout, and his 1958 record includes a draw

with Heinz Neuhaus and a loss to German Light Heavyweight Champion Erich Schoepfner, even though Schoepfner was knocked out. After counting him out the referee decided the kayo punch was an illegal blow to the back of the neck. In his last outing Cooper stopped a Welsh heavyweight, Dick Richardson, in five rounds.

So Folley would not seem to be exposing himself to dangerous company. But look at what happened to Machen and observe what happened to Pastrano.

What happened to the agile Willie was pure misfortune. As he came out of a clinch in the third round of his fight with London, Willie was seen to be bleeding from a cut on his left eyelid. It presented no particular problem to him. But at the end of the fifth round, with Willie leading, Referee Jack Hart peered at the cut through his spectacles and stopped the fight, awarding it to London. Pastrano broke down and sobbed in his corner.

The cut almost certainly would have been ignored by an American

continued



AN EYE CUT, not punching like this, cost Willie Pastrano (left) victory when he faced Brian London in London and so another American heavyweight bit Europe's dust.

IN 98 COUNTRIES



The underwear brand that's most in demand is

Jockey®
UNWEAR



UNDERWEAR

made only by

Cooper



known the world over by this symbol
COOPER S. INCORPORATED—MINNESOTA, U.S.A.

LICENSEES AND REGISTERED USERS

- Australia: Speedo Knitting Mills
- British Isles: Lyle & Scott
- New Zealand: Lano, Walker, Rudkin
- Switzerland: Vollmoeller
- France: Verdier
- Colombia: Textiles, Ego
- Italy: Saba
- Denmark: Teco
- South Africa: Niman & Lester
- Germany: Volma
- Austria: Josef Huber's Erben
- Ireland: Dublin Shirt & Collar Company
- Mexico: Rinbros, S.A.
- Venezuela: HRH
- Spain: Nerva
- Canada: Monarch Knitting Co. Ltd.



The modern way to flash pictures...

FUTURAMIC STROBONAR

Electronic Flash

The dual transistor Honeywell unit that eliminates flashbulbs for good!

The Futuramic Strobolar is so simple to use it outmodes all other methods of flashing pictures. This compact unit with permanent flashtube automatically recharges itself for each succeeding picture, and the brief flash "freezes" movement to give you the sharpest, clearest pictures you've ever taken. The Futuramic is perfect for color and black and white—and you can use daylight color film both indoors and out. Most convenient of all, the Futuramic is completely self-contained—it operates on 3 flashlight-size batteries or household current, and dual transistors let you flash pictures for less than a penny each.

Futuramic Strobolar with 10" AC line cord **\$59.95**

Write for full-color folder to:
Heiland Division, Minneapolis-Honeywell,
5210 East Evans Ave., Denver 22, Colo.

Honeywell



Heiland Photo Products



BOXING continued

referee. But the record books will register a knockout defeat for Pastreano for the first time.

Another foreign heavyweight, the 21-year-old George Chuvalo of Toronto, will have a chance at the once-ranked Pat McMurry of Tacoma in a Madison Square Garden television debut for both of them Oct. 17 (Friday). McMurry's only defeat this year was at the hands of Willi Besmanoff, conqueror of Alex Miteff, with whom Chuvalo was able to register a draw. Still Chuvalo is a slight favorite and is picked in this corner, too.

In the preceding Wednesday night TV show (Oct. 15), this one from Montreal, Ralph Dupas is a strong favorite over Gil Turner, and it seems reasonable to go along with the early 2-1 odds. Turner has been having a bad year, winning only one fight in four.

FUTURE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP?

The reopening of famed little St. Nick's Arena in New York, this one from distinguished of small fight clubs, was without benefit of television and attracted its biggest crowd in 11 years, 3,216 shrill customers, a fact that led Boxing Commission Chairman Julius Helland to observe that "there is nothing wrong with boxing except television." The crowd came to see a stablemate of Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson in his first main event. The stablemate, Jose Torres, fights like a middleweight version of Patterson, boxing out of a tight, gloves-up defense and pouring out punches in fabulously fast combinations. It was only his sixth professional fight but he performed like a veteran. His opponent, Otis Woodard, was pronounced unfit to continue by Dr. Samuel Sweetnick after the fifth round, a diagnosis that enraged Sugar Ray Robinson, who was in Woodard's corner.

"Boxing," Sugar Ray proclaimed, "is all politics. I'll never fight in New York again under a Helland administration. And the next time Governor Harriman comes to Harlem I'll tell him a few things."

The controversy did not upset Promoter Teddy Brenner a bit. Cheerily, asserting that he might be playing a part in the rise of a future champion, he signed Torres for another fight, this time against Frankie (Kid) Anslem on Oct. 13.

END



This time of year...
and 52 times a year...
More than 850,000 families
lead the full life with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

Good grooming begins with STETSON



The shirt

Tee off for Fall in a smart Stetson Sports Shirt. Perhaps you'll choose the shirt shown here, one among a wide array of fabrics and styles, colors and patterns. It's a combed cotton, wash 'n' wear. Stetson Caps to match or complement many Stetson Sports Shirts. At your Stetson haberdasher's.

THE CASU-LAIRE \$7.95

Other Stetson Sports Shirts from \$5.95 to \$12.95



The hat

Fall ushers in this newly styled version of the wide center crease, with its fashion-blocked crown, welt edge, and grosgrain band. There is an engaging air of easy informality about this hat that will appeal to the young—in years or in beard. At your Stetson hatter's.

THE BOMARC \$12.95

Other Stetson Hats from \$5.95 to \$100
Prices slightly higher in Canada

STETSON

Stetson "Calf-skin-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 75 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its affiliated companies throughout the world.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Gold dust is always the best

IN the urgency of reporting to you the exciting results of the European Contract Bridge Championship that ended in another victory for Italy at Oslo last month, much of the color of that tournament had to be left out of my story.

With 15 nations competing, a European Championship is a kind of Tower of Babel scene in reverse. When I walked into the playing room before the game started my ears were buffeted with a pandemonium of tongues. Then play began, and suddenly all the speaking was in one language—English. Although both French and German are familiar to more of the nations taking part, English is the official language of the tournament, and must be used by all the contestants for their bids and the calling of the cards.

The accents were often charming, sometimes weird. Obviously, many of the players did not know a word of English beyond such terms as double, pass, no trump and the names of suits and cards. So, as the rounds of play ended and the time for post-mortem arrived, there was a re-enacting of the uproar and chaos that first took place at the scene of Babel's soaring tower.

However, the language of the cards is universal. I found further evidence of this when our lavish Norse hosts presented each player who attended the tourney with a copy of a beautiful 116-page souvenir journal. Except for a brief message of greeting, this journal was written entirely in Norwegian—a tongue in which, I confess, I have absolutely no facility. Nevertheless, I found it possible to follow the reports of some of the outstanding bridge hands played in European championships since 1932.

With a population of about 3½ million, Norway is an enthusiastic bridge center. Although it has never won the European Championship, the country has fielded many fine teams and has often played the role of giant killer, just as it did in this year's championship when its victory over France prevented that nation from winning the title.

Here is a hand played by Trygve Sommerfelt, Norway's first international bridge star, when the championship was played in Vienna in 1934.

Three no trump would have been a far easier contract, but perhaps Sommerfelt had visions of a possible slam. At any rate, in bidding five diamonds he courted disaster. However, Sommerfelt supplemented his forthright bidding with some highly deceptive play. To fake East out of the killing defense, declarer had to throw away a good trick. Later he had to regain that trick in order to make his contract.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦	1♦	1 N.T.	2♥
5♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade king

West next shifted to the 10 of hearts. Declarer realized that the 10 was a singleton, so, when East played the ace, South dropped the king! It wasn't immediately apparent where he could get this trick back, but it was obvious that he could not afford to keep the king, for an immediate heart ruff would defeat him.

East fell for it—and who could blame him? Afraid to set up dummy's jack by continuing hearts, East shifted back to spades. South trumped and ran all the diamonds. West had to keep the ace of spades, so he was reduced to two clubs. Dummy then threw away the spade queen, keeping three clubs. To keep three clubs East had to discard his last heart, and South's hidden 7 was the game-winning trick.

EXTRA TRICK

To throw dust into the opponents' eyes, you sometimes have to throw gold dust. But any sacrifice is better than keeping the card that tells how to beat you.

going places in this age of travel...the

DC-8^{*} Suit

by
Timely
Clothes



A quick, solid success with men on the go—because it's all you need for weeks of travel! Feels rich as an imported fabric, yet light, never stuffy. Day after day, wearing after wearing, it holds a neat crease, flicks off wrinkles, "hangs out" fast. Fabric's a new weave of 55% Dacron[®]-45% worsted. And Balanced Tailoring keeps DC-8 new-looking . . . indefinitely.

*named for the new Douglas DC-8 airliner — Hilti Paul's pilot

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better longer!

FREE! 26-page booklet "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance." Write Dept. S-21, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y. Stress Right—You Can't Afford Not To!



Sportsman in the kitchen

Colonel Frederick Wildman, wine expert and amateur chef, talks about game birds

THERE IS a tale that during World War II, when Colonel Frederick Wildman, aide to General "Hap" Arnold, flew around the world with his chief, a second plane loaded with fine wines trailed their aircraft. To the friends responsible for this legend it is as difficult to think of Wildman roughing it without a fine Moselle for his fish and a choice of clarets and Burgundies for meat and game as it is to imagine Pancho Gonzales without a tennis racket or Van Cliburn without a piano.

Anyway, as president of Bellows & Co. from 1933 till its dissolution in 1952 and since then a senior partner of Frederick Wildman & Sons, fine wine importers, the Colonel, as he is still affectionately called, has had ample opportunity both in public and in private to exercise his notable nose, his discriminating palate and his exceptional stirring elbow.

This last is especially evident in his own dining room, for both at his New York town house and at a country house in Colebrook, Conn. he masterminds all the food served. (Mrs. Wildman is a patient as well as a lucky woman.) What's more, although both these households are adequately staffed, the Colonel will rarely tolerate the cooking of principal dishes by anyone else—particularly if the choice is game.

Though he has traveled and has found excellent sport in many countries of the world, the Colonel is an old-fashioned New Englander at heart who really most



COLONEL WILDMAN (front, right) and guests pore with day's bag of pheasant at Hollenbeck Club near Falls Village, Conn.

enjoys shooting over his own dogs (Brittany spaniels), on his own native heath (the country around Colebrook). The ruffed grouse—"partridge" in New England—woodcock, duck and pheasant that he bags are hung in a most modern walk-in refrigerator at his country place for two to three weeks. Here there is a magnificent kitchen, complete with built-in charcoal broilers and rotisseries; in town the Colonel has the choice of two kitchens. The picture opposite shows him carving grouse in his office luncheon room in New York—birds that were prepared for table by the method described below.

WILDMAN ON WILD BIRDS

He roasts them on a spit

I first stuff the properly hung birds with a little celery, celery leaves, parsley, tarragon, etc., largely to keep them moist. I like to do game birds at medium heat on the electric spit of a rotisserie, cooking them 30 to 40 minutes, depending on the size of the birds, and basting them with the following:

Basting sauce for birds

Sauté one or two chopped shallots lightly in butter, bind with a little flour, add stock made from the extras of the birds (wingtips, feet, lower legs, neck, gizzards, etc.) with chicken or smoked turkey broth. Add a fair amount of dry red wine and port wine, twice as much dry wine as port. If port wine is not available a combination of currant jelly, Dijon mustard and a little chutney juice may be substituted—the idea is to give a sweet-sour effect. I sometimes also add a little *glacé de viande*, or meat essence. The stock must then be thick-

ened to a glazing consistency with either potato flour or cornstarch. Baste the birds with some of this sauce three or four times during the cooking; to what is left of the sauce add a little more stock and red wine, heat, and pour over the finished birds on a serving platter garnished with watercress.

Special pointers from an expert

To prevent scorching, tie the breasts of delicate birds like chukar partridge with strips of bacon or salt pork before roasting; remove same when birds are half cooked, to permit browning.

Cut larger birds in half with game shears after cooking; serve a half to each person on a round of toast spread with foie gras or pheasant liver pâté.

For wild duck: add grated orange peel to the basic sauce given above and pour a teaspoon of curaçao over each duck before carving.

Series sidelights

A kite, a silent crowd and Roy Campanella helped to make the Series a memorable one

WHEN a World Series has ended, the record of each game is filed away in a volume appropriately called the *World Series Record Book*. First, however, the data is scanned closely to see what new records have been made, and these are inserted in place of the old ones, usually under the heading of "the most this" or "the least that." Here follows a list of some new "mosts" and "least," a few "almost the most" and one or two curious items which, alas, will never make the book.

The 46,367 folks who attended the opening game in Milwaukee set a record before a pitch was made; most silence by one crowd. It was understandable that they should remain quiet during the reading of the Yankee lineup. (There was one loud "yes" when Berra's name was announced, but on the theory that it was made by a distant relative, it may be discounted.) People in Milwaukee just don't like other teams. But when the vast silence continued through the reading of the home team's lineup, it was indeed puzzling.

Even in China they must know that in the second game Lew Burdette had a chance at Babe Ruth's favorite record—his 29th consecutive scoreless innings in Series play—and that he failed. He failed in the very first inning, even as the first putout was being made, but before the inning was over, Lew Burdette's name was in the record book anyway, and so was his team's. He did it with one magnificent swing, pounding the ball over the left-field fence for a three-run homer. It was the first home run by a pitcher in the World Series since 1940, and it capped a seven-run first inning, the biggest first inning in Series history. If Lew Burdette

couldn't have Babe Ruth's pitching record, he might as well go after a few of his hitting ones.

In the third game two curious things happened. Hank Bauer, for instance, was picked off first base for the second time in the Series. While this wasn't a record (Max Flack managed to get picked off twice in one game in 1918. You remember Max), it was unusual since Bauer is not a fellow taken to wandering casually away from bases. Bob Rush, the Milwaukee pitcher, got his name in the record book when he fielded three ground balls in the third inning.

Undoubtedly the most touching moment of the Series occurred in the second inning when Roy Campanella entered the Stadium to the cheers of the crowd.

In the seventh inning of the fourth game, time was called. It seems a cord was hanging from the upper left-field seats and out across the grass several feet behind the spot where Wes Covington was standing. A groundskeeper emerged and while a million dollar production waited impatiently, he carefully rolled it up. Someone had evidently been flying a kite on the grounds behind the Stadium and, by accident or design, it had drifted over the ball park, suffered power failure and collapsed. The same might be said of the Yankees. Hank Bauer's 17-game World Series hitting streak came to an end. It is a record likely to endure for many years, since few players even get into as many as 17 World Series games. As the fourth game ended, Bob Fishel, Yankee publicity man, announced solemnly to the press that if the Series returned to Milwaukee, the Yankee plane would leave shortly after game five. He suggested that those going along either take their luggage to the airport or bring it to the Stadium. It seemed like a complicated arrangement. And Lew Burdette had every intention of making it all superfluous the next afternoon.



Available at these and other fine stores:

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| AKRON | Koch's |
| ANN ARBOR | Wagner's |
| ASHVILLE | N. V. Moore & Co. |
| BALTIMORE | Hochschild, Kohn |
| | Werner & Co. |
| BATTLE CREEK | Siegel's |
| | Brand Bros. |
| BAY CITY | Oppenheim's |
| BEVERLY HILLS | Kerr's |
| BIRMINGHAM, MICH. | Young's |
| BOSTON | Fleming's |
| | Jordan Marsh Co. |
| | R. H. Stevens |
| BRIDGEPORT | Arcade Men's Shop |
| BRYAN, OHIO | Russell's |
| BUFFALO | Kienbaum Co. |
| BURLINGTON, VT. | Miles & Riley |
| CANTON | C. W. Viceroy Co. |
| CARMEL | Derek Hayne |
| CASPER | A. J. Woods |
| CEDARHURST | Ben Epstein |
| CHAMPAIGN | Kaufman's |
| CHICAGO | Broadbent's |
| | Marshall Field & Co. |
| CINCINNATI | Durkhardt's |
| CLEVELAND | S. R. Baker |
| | Helle Bros. |
| | May Co. |
| COLUMBUS | F. & R. Lechner |
| | Scott-Stevens |
| CONCORD, N. H. | Walters |
| DALLAS | David Heller |
| | Rip & Brewer |
| DAYTON | Gus Rose |
| | Rite Kenter |
| | Walters |
| DECATUR | Sam Loeb |
| DENVER | Coburn's |
| DETROIT | The J. L. Hudson Co. |
| | Jerry Morse |
| | Whitings |
| DOYLESTOWN | Ely's Clothiers |
| DULUTH | McGregor & Sodenstrom |
| EASTON | Chief Lewis's |
| EAST LANSING | Tag Shop |
| EAST ORANGE | Mink's |
| ELMIRA | H. Strauss Inc. |
| EL PASO | The White House |
| ENGLEWOOD | Ben Daniels |
| EVANS | Joe Richards |
| FALL RIVER | Paul Wolfman |
| FARGO | The Streus Co. |
| FLEMINGTON | Ben Karrow |
| FORT WAYNE | Meyers & McCarthy |
| | Golden's Mens Wear |
| FORT WORTH | The Fawcett |
| FREDERICK, MD. | The Hubbardway |
| GRAND RAPIDS | A. May & Son |
| GREEN BAY | Lavies Mens Wear |
| GROSSE POINTE | Young's Mens Wear |
| HANTRANCE | Deve Stobar |
| HARRISBURG | Devine's |
| HARTFORD | G. Fox |
| | Stockdale, Moore, Tyson |
| HEMPSTEAD | Edw. Miller |
| HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. | The Fall Co. |
| HINSDALE | The Squire Shop |
| HOUSTON | Norton Ditt |
| INDIANAPOLIS | L. Strauss & Co. |
| KANSAS CITY | Oppenheim's |
| KINGSFORD | Stevens |
| JACKSON, MICH. | Al Berlin |
| JOLIET | Lew Hubbard |
| KALAMAZOO | Piero-Kinger Co. |
| KANKAKEE | Jack Henry |
| KANSAS CITY | Sobel's |
| KINGSFORD | H. G. Rafalowsky |
| KINGSTON | G. W. Stevens |
| LAGRANGE | ... |
| LAWRENCE, MASS. | King's |

LEXINGTON, KY. Greens, Cox
Meyers
LIMA The Leader
LITTLE ROCK Beaman's
LONG BEACH Weinberg's
LOUISVILLE Lowenhart's
Poeby, Marks
LUBBOCK Malou's
LYNN Judd's
MASSFIELD Doc Herman
MARION, IND. Milton's
MASSILLON Kanner's
MERIDEN Harry Israel
MIDDLETOWN Sol Schneider
MILWAUKEE Boston Store
Country Shops
Minneapolis Dayton's
Monroe Rothschild-Young-Quinlan
Greensley's
MONTGOMERY, ALA. Fannin's
MORGANTOWN S. M. Whitelock
MORRISTOWN M. Epstein
MUNCIE Swarth
NEW BEDFORD, Gollie of New Bedford
NEWBURG E. W. Jensen
NEW HAVEN J. Johnson
NEW LONDON Dicino-Sivestri
NEW ORLEANS Guckhaus
NEW YORK Abraham & Straus
B. Abner & Co.
John David
Wadach's
OGDEN Fred M. Nye
OLEAN Gavin-McCarthy
OKLAHA Charles J. Assmann
OWASSO Storer's
PATERSON Charles W. Elbow
PERMA Howard A. Heller
PHILADELPHIA O'Brien-Jarvis
Jacob Reed's Sons
Strawbridge & Clothier
John Wenzelaker
PITTSBURGH Goldwater's
Frank's Men's Wear
Kaufmann's
Saterley Co.
PROVIDENCE Herbert Brown
O'Donnell's
Peelless Co.
QUINCY, MASS. Milson's
READING John Macco
RENO Peterson's
ROCHESTER, MINN. Dayton's
ROCHESTER, N.Y. McFallen Clothing
National Clothing Co.
ROCKFORD Stackley's
ST. LOUIS Best's
Famous-Barr
ST. PAUL Slix, Baer & Fuller
Cook's
Rothschild-Young-Quinlan
Schuneman's
SALT LAKE CITY Wolfe's
SAN FRANCISCO Bullock & Jones
SAN MATEO Nieren Peiler
SANTA FE Moore's
SCRANTON Sander Bros.
SCHEMECTADY Nusbaum's
SEATTLE Litter
Stell & King
SHAKER HEIGHTS Howard's
SHOX CITY Weatherax
SOMERVILLE Wendellinc
SOUTH ORANGE Mok's
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. A. G. White
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO Jack Thornton
SPOKANE Thomas & Gossman
Berg's
STOCKTON Ernie Reed
SUMMIT Roof's
TOLEDO H. O. Nichols
TOPEKA Menz's Men's Shop
Trenton Frank W. Davis
TUCSON Levy's
UNIONTOWN Mettler's
UTICA Em Rose's
WARREN Gentry Co
WASHINGTON, D. C. Raleigh
Hobbsworth
Woodward & Lothrop
WATERBURY Minors & Scholals
WATERLOO Lamy's
WATERVILLE Dasher's
WAUGEGAN Durkin & Durkin
WEST NEW YORK Schwaegerl's
WILMINGTON Mensure & Pettiford, Inc.
Jas. T. Mullin & Sons, Inc.
WINCHESTER Christ's
WINNETKA The Fall Co.
WORCESTER Lyster's
YOUNGSTOWN Powers & Flaggar



The Zero King De-Froster at the Chandler Inn, Sun Valley

**YOU CAN TELL IT'S A ZERO KING...by the way it looks...
by the way it feels...by the way it fits...but mostly by
the way other people look at you...**

It will be especially true when you wear the new Zero King De-Froster, the wash 'n wear jacket that will keep you warm as toast on bitter cold days. The luxuriously soft Orlon® pile lining provides more warmth for its light weight than any other fabric! The outer-jacket is made of Dacron® and Cotron by Reeves that automatically sheds rain and snow. Contrasting knit cuffs and collar set a dashing new style note... about \$30.00



...the mark of a
complete wardrobe

Tuxedo Park: A Dream Revived

Where Lorillards and Astors danced, the Joneses play today—on a \$1 million golf course

THE warmly beautiful autumnal golfing scene shown on the opposite page represents the resurrection of a dream. The players pursuing their leaf-strewn way along this brand-new \$1 million golf course can remember when the dream was a nightmare. Less than a decade ago they watched their community, which for three-quarters of a century had stood for exclusivity, for wealth and social intercourse on society's highest level, stumble down until it was called society's "ghost resort." But in the last few years the community, as exemplified by the magnificent new course of championship caliber, is striving once again to revitalize in modern context all that is connoted by the famous name, Tuxedo Park.

The strange history of this extraordinary place began one rainy day in 1885 when the Erie and Western's Buffalo express slowed down near a stretch of the Ramapo River some 40 miles north of New York City. Two men dropped off and set out into a wilderness of heavily wooded hills, working up the river until they reached the shores of a lake which the Indians of the Six Nations had called Ptuck-sepo—The Home of the Bear—a name eventually anglicized to Duck Cedar and finally Tuxedo.

The two men were Bruce Price, an architect, and Pierre Lorillard III, whose family had sunk part of their immense snuff and tobacco fortune into real estate—one of the larger tracts being some 600,000 acres in the Ramapo Hills. Lorillard's dream was to turn part of the Ramapo acreage into a small and rigidly exclusive colony of cottages and facilities for sports lovers. Within a year Lorillard's idea was reality: a labor force of 1,800 men worked through a particularly severe winter and in eight months had constructed an eight-foot fence around 7,000 acres, a dam, fish hatcheries, 30 miles of dirt and macadam roads, a sewage and water system, two blocks of stores and stables, a gatehouse, a clubhouse, 22 turreted "cottages," four lawn tennis courts, a boathouse, a swimming pool and a bowling alley—at a total cost to Mr. Lorillard of \$1.5 million.

The first article of Lorillard's constitution for his newborn colony announced that it would be called The Tuxedo Club, "established for the protection, increase and capture of all kinds of game and fish, and for

the promotion of social intercourse among its members."

Though the colony found no dearth of eager members, Lorillard's idea of a game preserve was doomed from the start. Only about 4,000 acres of land lay within the park fence, an area of rocky, wooded hills suitable for copperheads, woodpeckers, jays, a few ruffed grouse, an occasional woodcock or quail. Game introduced to the preserve either moved out over the fence in disgust or became infected with what one park resident referred to as "the social spirit of a Kansas barnyard." It seemed, finally, that only the lake with its fine bass fishing would provide sport. But within 10 years of the opening of the park the hooking and landing of a bass was a rare event. Pollution and overfishing were suspected at first, but eventually the blame centered on the European carp introduced to the lake in the 1890s under the mistaken impression they were of value as a game fish. The carp breeds in awesome numbers and puts on weight rapidly—a dumpy, drab fish with a tiny turned-down mouth which vacuums along lake bottoms and not only deprives more worthy fish of food resources but also sucks up eggs from the spawning beds of the bass and other game fish.

The Tuxedo fishermen tried raising bass fry in two cement pools. Feeding them, however, was an insurmountable problem, and finally the young bass turned cannibal and polished each other off.

The two cement pools then received a new batch of visitors—landlocked salmon. But the lake itself did not contain the proper food resources, and the salmon narrowed out into a long thin fish that had no more fight than a waterlogged rag. Smelt were introduced—100,000 of them—in an attempt to fatten up the salmon, but in mysterious circumstances, which by that time the Tuxedo community must have learned to take in stride, the smelt all but disappeared. Only two mature smelt have ever been seen since: one lying on the shore and the other lodged in the intake pipe of the hatchery.

Considering the unsuccessful attempts to realize Lorillard's dream of a sporting paradise, it comes as no surprise that the members of the community finally concentrated on the "social intercourse" called for in Lorillard's constitution. In the fall of 1885 the first

continued

Tuxedo's new golf course symbolizes the park's revival. Of championship caliber, it is nonetheless considerate of older members, being mostly level. So far, no one has broken par.



Against a background of heavy foliage that displays the lingering dark-green colors of summer and the glowing yellows and oranges of fall, a foursome moves briskly up The Tuxedo Club's lightly leaf-speckled 8th fairway during a match among teams representing Tuxedo and the Morris County, Rumson and Somerset Hills clubs.

In a choice spot on the canopied terrace overlooking the 15th green, Tuxedo Club members and their guests share some casual talk and sunlight. Even with their attention partially distracted by the refreshments these observers are in a favorable position to see the golfers playing up to the green of this shortish par-5 finishing hole.





Tucked serenely into the woods along the hilly shores of Tuxedo Park's Big Lake are the houses (left to right on lakefront) owned by Pompeo H. Maresi and Anthony L. Adrian, including the Maresi boathouse just at the water's edge (center).

DO YOU DARE
RISK A
SHOWER?

you can if you're **SAFER** with **SYL-MER**

Weather or not, you're high and dry, thanks to Sylmer®. This is the Dow Corning durable silicone finish that makes fabrics more luxurious. These fabrics are machine-washable or dry-cleanable and the finish will still protect against rain, spotting and wrinkling. Be safer with Sylmer. Don't be persuaded you're really getting it unless you see the Sylmer tag, mark of the finest fabric protection there is. Look for it when buying suits and topsuits as well as sport-wear. Dow Corning Corporation, Midland, Michigan.

Shown here:
McGREGOR Rain Jacket
with Sylmer grain finish

fabrics finished with
SYL-MER
Keeps suits and coats clean
and looking longer with the
durable and lasting
DOW CORNING SYL-MER finish

Autumn Ball was held—still one of the most important dates on the calendars of New York debutantes. The sensation of that first ball was the appearance of Griswold Lorillard, son of the founder, in the tailless dinner jacket to which the resort has since given its name.

Tuxedo kept its status as the most exclusive community in the East until finally the changing times, particularly the '29 crash, turned it into a ghost community of boarded-up houses and weed-choked gardens. When it was announced that the passage of the New York State Thruway would deprive Tuxedo of its golf course, it seemed Lorillard's dream was finished. One of the oldest in the country, the course was revered by the resort; the tales of James L. Breese, one of the early residents, who would pluck out his glass eye and throw it on the ground in a fit of rage when he missed his shot; the reminiscences about the millionaire George F. Baker, who continued to toil slowly across the course through his 85th birthday, refusing to let other players through, always on the lookout for wooden tees, his face a mask of despair when he found them broken; and the memory of Buck Buchanan, an engineer on the Erie railroad who blew his whistle whenever he saw a member poised for a careful putt.

But faced with adversity, Tuxedo in the last few years has responded with the avidity of the workmen who put together Lorillard's paradise 73 years ago. Its beautiful new golf course was completed last year; its members include a new generation of Tuxedoites whose incomes are nearer the \$20,000 level and who live in converted stables and small new dwellings sanctioned by Tuxedo in its drive to revitalize the community.

As for the social exclusivity of Tuxedo—that seems to remain, whatever the social status or the income level of its present inhabitants. The eight-foot fence which protects Tuxedo from the outside world creates an atmosphere which justifies the closing stanza of a poem on the subject of the New Tuxedo:

*Thumbs up, you Astors! You Lorillards, heads high!
So long as there are Smiths and in their bones is
Bred the necessity of keeping up
with Joneses.*

—GEORGE PLIMPTON

LET'S
FACE
IT!
THIS
IS
AMERICA'S
MOST
GLORIOUS
CHAMPAGNE



There's not a more exciting champagne on the face of the earth. A blessed blend of the world's most exquisite grapes and the infinite patience of man, Great Western is America's favorite. And the price of this extravagance is the nicest surprise. For Champagne Party booklet write: Dept. S10, Great Western Producers, Inc., Hammondsport, N. Y. 100 years old in 1960



THE COACH

by GERALD HOLLAND

Saturday's football spectacles, when all is said and done, are the creation of a single personality: The Coach. His prestige was never greater than it is today. Between the opening of this season and the close of the last, there was a scramble among large universities to land the best coaching names. Alabama lured Bear Bryant away from Texas A&M, which proudly sought Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, Forest Erusherski of Iowa, Frank Leahy, once of Notre Dame, and the late Red Sanders of UCLA before settling for Jim Myers of Iowa State. Don Devine moved from Arizona State to Missouri, and Jack Curtice went from Utah to Stanford. There was a rumor—the year before—that Indiana had been willing to go to the drastic extreme of de-cowboyzing basketball to get Jim Tatum of North Carolina.

The coach is paid well, works hard, lives high, operates under a code of ethics that enables him to see himself as a public benefactor. Meet him now in a fictional, but factual, dialogue that takes some dramatic license—but not very much—with the adventures of a big-time coach.

THE CAMPUS of Greeley University was an architectural hodgepodge, reflecting the tastes of dozens of administrations, building committees and alumni donors through the years. Here there was a touch of Princeton, there a pillared façade reminiscent of the Old South and here again a nakedly modern erection of glass and brick that was quite plainly the result of someone's enthusiasm for California.

In the fall, thanks to Greeley's fine old trees, the total effect was not unpleasant, and the campus was at its

best this particular October morning with the air crisp and clear and the leaves fluttering down in the sunshine to soften the harsh outlines of the newer buildings. As students hurried along the meandering pathways on their way to class, the brightly colored sweaters of the girls blended with the falling leaves to create the effect of a tapestry so artfully woven that no single element of it stood out.

But then something happened that would have caught and held any great eye looking down upon the campus. An old Cadillac pulled into the park-

ing space adjoining the ivy-covered gymnasium building. The door swung open, and a giant of a man with a great shock of thick white hair struggled out from behind the wheel and raised himself up to his full height of 6 feet 4 inches. He reached into the car and drew out a ten-gallon hat and put it on. Slamming the door, he leaned over to finger his string bow tie before his image in the glass. Reaching down, he half tucked in the cuffs of his trousers at the top of his high-heeled cowboy boots. Then he strode along the pathway to the gymnasium entrance, dominating the scene as if it had been designed for no other purpose than to heighten his entrance.

But the students, chattering as they hurried along, seemed not to notice him at all, even though the big man bowed and muttered as if in acknowledgment of their greetings. It was a habit from a day (not very many years ago) when his stage was the terming campus of the state university with its 25,000 students—a day when everybody hailed him for the great and celebrated man he was: Coach of the Year, Terror of Big-time Football—Horace Jasper (Boogey Man) Blenheim.

Coach Blenheim (there was some



Illustrations by Joe Rapoport

He is a big man—and, as executive, whip-cracking taskmaster, strategist, field general, actor, director, spellbinder and talent scout, he gets bigger and bigger with each passing season. The question is: Are the pressures of his job making him too big?

dispute about whether Grantland Rice or Bill Corum had first called him "Boogey Man" in making the point that his opponents often behaved like frightened children) had resigned as big-time coach at State four years ago. He announced that he had received a flattering offer to coach de-emphasized (no scholarship) football at Greeley and wished to wind up his career (he was 64 now) in its low-pressure atmosphere.

There had been rumors that Coach Blenheim was about to be fired after a disastrous season at State, but his sportswriter friends had agreed not to give the reports publicity.

Coach Blenheim entered the gymnasium and walked past a sign which read, "Athletic Director Upstairs," and descended a flight of steps to a door which was lettered: "Football Department. H. J. Blenheim, Head Coach." He opened the door and reached for a light switch (the windows of the basement office were set below ground level and didn't get the sun until the afternoon) and as the lights went on, a thick-necked young man seated in the chair beside a battered roll-top desk jumped to his feet.

"Yes?" said Coach Blenheim.

"Sir," exclaimed the young man,

reaching a hamlike hand to scratch his crew-cut blond head in a nervous gesture that strained the buttons of his tight-fitting sports shirt, "the door was open and I took the liberty of waiting in here."

"That's all right," said Coach Blenheim, walking to the desk and tossing his ten-gallon hat on the littered top.

"What can I do for you, son?"

"Sir," said the young man, "my name is Bob Wyzek."

"Wyzek?" repeated Blenheim.

"My father played for you, sir," the young man said. "First in Texas and then, his last year of eligibility, at State."

"Wait a minute here," said Blenheim slowly. "Wyzek, you say? Boy, you couldn't be the son of Wally Wyzek—Wildest Wally Wyzek?"

The young man nodded eagerly.

"Wally Wyzek!" said Blenheim. "Just about the best tackle I ever had. Would have made All-America that last year if he hadn't broken his—what did the ol' Wildcat break?"

"His leg, sir," said the young man.

"Oh, yes," said Coach Blenheim. "I remember our docs fixed him up good as new. It was always a comfort to me to know that my boys got the finest where medical, dental and sur-

gical care were concerned. Tell me, Bob, what line of endeavor did ol' Wally follow?"

"Sir," the young man began, "Dad is—"

"Let's drop that 'sir' right now," interrupted Blenheim. "Makes me feel old. Call me Boogey, son."

"O.K., Boogey," young Wyzek laughed nervously. "I was going to say Dad went on the police force, and he was up for lieutenant when the Democrats got in and shook up the department. Today, Dad is chief of house detectives for one of the largest hotel chains in the Northwest."

"Is that a fact?" said Blenheim, sitting down at the desk. "Stayed right in police work, did he? Good, I always like to see a boy follow through on a college major." He motioned to the chair. "Sit down, Bob."

Bob Wyzek sat down, glancing in fleeting wonder at the cement floor and the walls which were bare except for a few framed team photographs that hung over the desk.

The coach studied the young man. "Bob Wyzek," he said. "I can recall the day you were born. It was unusual for us to have married men on the team in those days. We were play-

continued

ing Pitt, I believe. It was all I could do to keep your Daddy from going to the hospital. Shucks, there was nothing he could do."

Bob Wyzek nodded.

The coach looked him up and down.

"Guard or tackle?"

"Guard, Coach."

"Any good?"

"I made our conference All-Star in Utah, Coach."

"You got any eligibility left?"

"Oh, no, sir, I graduated last June."

The coach's eyes narrowed. "How come the ol' Wildcat didn't send you to me?"

Bob stared at his hands.

"Well, sir," he said, "I didn't get out of high school until the year you quit the big time and came here to Greeley. You don't give scholarships here, do you? I mean, isn't this what they call de-emphasized?"

The old coach closed his eyes and nodded. He said wearily: "What did you want to see me about, son?"

BOB WYZEK leaned forward. "Boogey, sir," he said, "I've just been appointed football coach at my old high school back in Utah. I majored in physical education, and I intend to make coaching my career. Dad said the best way for me to get off on the right foot was to come here and ask for your advice."

Coach Blenheim took a long, deep breath. "Well," he said, exhaling, "so you want to be a coach, eh, boy? What kind of coach? The nice, clean-cut refined young man like Terry Brennan at Notre Dame, Dan Devine at Missouri, Pete Elliott at California? The aloof, austere, dignified type—like Leahy, Crisler, Blaik? An old smoothie like Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma? Or rough and tough like Forest Evanshewski at Iowa, Bear Bryant at Alabama, Jim Tatum at North Carolina, Woody Hayes at Ohio State? Or do you want to spread a few laughs like Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State or ol' Cactus Jack Curtice at Stanford? What's your pleasure, boy?"

Bob Wyzek flushed. "I guess, Boogey, I'd like to be like you. Dad said you were the greatest leader and the greatest builder of character that football has ever seen."

Coach Blenheim snorted. "That was nice of the ol' Wildcat, but, son, if you're mainly interested in building character maybe you'd better get

into YMCA or church work." He shook his head and reached out a hand to touch the young man's shoulder. "No," he said, "forget I said that. It's an old man's cynicism. You'll build character, son, in spite of yourself."

He stood up. "Let's see, where will I begin?"

Bob Wyzek took a ball-point pen and a small notebook from his shirt pocket. "I thought I might ask about formations. What kind of offense would you suggest I use? I mean, sir, do you think the T or the single wing or the split-T—"

Coach Blenheim waved both hands at him. "Put away the notebook, boy. Forget about formations. It doesn't make much difference if you get the right boys." He turned as the office door opened. A short, chunky young man, his arms loaded with books, looked in.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," said the boy. "You're busy."

Coach Blenheim hurried forward and put an arm around the boy's shoulders. "No, no, no," he said. "Just visiting. Come in, come in, Edgar, and shake hands with the son of one of my old players. Ever hear of Wildcat Wally Wyzek?"

The student blinked and said, "No, sir, I don't think so."

"Well, this is his son, Bob—a big star in Utah."

"Glad to know you, sir," said the student, shifting an armload of books to put out his hand. He turned to the coach. "Sir, I just wanted to see you for a minute."

"Sit down, sit down, boy," said the coach heartily. "Take a load off your feet. We're just shooting the breeze here."

The student shook his head. "I've got a class, sir. All I wanted to say, sir, is that my faculty adviser thinks it would be better if I gave up football. Varsity football, that is."

Coach Blenheim stared at him.

"My adviser, Professor Gillon, thinks I can't do justice to my studies if I play on the varsity. But he thinks that football is a wonderful game, sir."

Coach Blenheim said, "He does?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy. "He thinks a certain amount of it is a good thing. He suggests I play on my fraternity team. He says I can get as much fun out of that."

Coach Blenheim swallowed and nodded. "Oh, I'm sure you can."

"So I won't be out for practice any

more, Coach." The boy put out his hand. "But I sure do thank you for the privilege of playing under such a famous coach, sir."

"Don't mention it," said Blenheim.

"I wonder if I could keep my jersey as a souvenir, sir?"

Blenheim closed his eyes and his lips moved as if in prayer.

Bob Wyzek looked at him anxiously. Suddenly the old coach opened his eyes and said mildly:

"I'm afraid not, Edgar. That might be interpreted as a gift—after the fact, legally speaking. You know we don't do that kind of thing at Greeley. This is no football factory."

The student flushed and exclaimed, "Sorry, sir!" He turned and ran into the door, spilling his books. The coach reached down and helped him pick them up.

"Here you are, Edgar," he said. "Good luck to you. Now study hard and try not to miss any of your fraternity meetings."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, backing out of the door.

Coach Blenheim closed the door, turned back to his visitor. "That," he said, matter of factly, "was my first-string quarterback."

Bob Wyzek stared at him. "Can a player do that?" he said incredulously. "Can a player just walk in and quit like that?"

"What's to stop him?" said Blenheim. "I've got no hold on him. He gets no favors from me. His old man pays his tuition and gives him an allowance." He walked to his desk and sat down.

Bob Wyzek followed him. "Is that the way it works, sir?"

THAT'S the way it works," said Blenheim. "Everything's de-emphasized." He glanced around in distaste. "Look at this so-called office, not even a rug on the floor. The head football coach—buried away in the cellar!"

"I can't understand it," said Bob Wyzek. "I read in the paper where Carl Snavely is very happy with the de-emphasized football they have at Washington University in St. Louis."

Blenheim snorted. "Hah! I just wonder if ol' Carl is happy with the football or that ear-washing business he's got on the side." He frowned. "I shouldn't say that. I just don't know." He chuckled. "Snavely! The ol' Gray Fox! Boy, there was a

continued

Now...See in spite of the other car's lights!



BRACE YOURSELF! Here comes another driver who hasn't dimmed his lights. He's 175 feet away. Your vision of your side of the road is "washed out" by his glare. Then after you pass, it takes precious seconds for your eyes to readjust to the reduced light, and you still can't see the road ahead clearly. It's like entering a dark theatre on a sunny day!



NOW YOU CAN SEE in spite of the other car's lights—better than ever before, because you have new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps. These "built-in spotlight" effect in the low beam projects more light along the right shoulder, helps keep your eyes on your side of the road. Now you can spot that fallen box at the 200-foot mark—which you *couldn't* see with your old headlamps!

New G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps have a "built-in spotlight" ... in the low beam!

No other 2-headlamp system ever gave you as much light in the *low beam* as these new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps. And you need more light in the low beam when meeting oncoming cars—even if the other driver dims his lights and has them aimed properly.

This new General Electric low beam filament is *optically centered* in the reflector—gives a "built-in spotlight"

effect—puts more light where you need it to make passing easier and safer. Helps you recover your vision more quickly when the other car has passed.

Have a pair of General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed by your dealer, garage or service station! General Electric Co., Manufacture Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



Special low-beam filament shield lets you see better in fog, rain or snow. Upper beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on open road.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

big-timer for you! Toughest man in the business. Great recruiter, great money raiser, great strategist," he sighed. "Lordy, I wonder how the ol' Fox is making out with the fraternities and the faculty advisers."

He suddenly jumped to his feet and began pacing up and down. After a moment, he whirled and pointed a finger at young Bob Wyesek.

"Son," he cried, "you should have seen my setup at State!" He flung out both arms. "I had a private office four times this big. It had all wood paneling and a fireplace and a wall-to-wall rug on the floor. I had a desk, pure mahogany, that was so big I could lie down on top of it and take a nap. I had cross ventilation, boy, not that I needed it with my air conditioning, and a picture window that gave me a view of the whole campus."

He took a deep breath and rushed on:

"Down in front, parked right smack at the entrance to the building, was my Cadillac. That car was replaced every other year by an alumni committee which conducted the fund-raising just beautifully. Every student was permitted to contribute toward the Cadillac, but no boy or girl was allowed to give more than half a dollar. Now this made it possible for more of our kids to feel that they had a part in the gift to their coach. As I said in accepting the car one year, the manner of raising the fund was a lesson in practical democracy."

"Big time, boy, everything was big time. Why, I had eight full-time assistant coaches. These boys did the actual blood-and-guts work on the practice field, but they did a lot more than that. I hand-picked those lads. I could send any one of them out to scout a game, make a speech, sweettalk the parents of a likely prospect, narrate a movie film of a game or dance with the wife of the dean of men."

He pointed across the room. "Filling one whole wall in our conference room was a map of the U.S. We had that map divided into eight sections. Now, each assistant was responsible for a particular section. All the newspaper clippings from our clipping service concerning his section were routed to him. He was responsible for knowing every prospect and every high school coach in his section. Get the idea? Every assistant had to keep up a correspondence with the high

school coaches in his territory and see that each coach was invited to State for a visit some time during the year."

Blenheim walked back to the desk and leaned over it to look at one of the framed photographs. He pointed:

"There was my staff the last year. They were corks and most of 'em have gone on to bigger and better things. It's not surprising to me, because a good head coach has got to make every one of his assistants good enough to take over his job. That's the ironic thing about it. Can you tell me who Biggie Munn's assistants were when he first moved to Michigan State?"

Bob Wyesek put up a hand, "I think—"

Blenheim waved him down. "I'll tell you," he said. "Two of them were Duffy Daugherty and Forest Vasevski. Both of those boys went to the Rose Bowl as head coaches and won."

"There seems to be unlimited opportunity," blurted Bob Wyesek.

Blenheim ignored him. "Yes sir, a head coach is on the hot seat all the time unless he's got tenure as a professor. Of course, a few of 'em are smart. Like ol' Biggie Munn there, he moved up to athletic director, and I understand he's got an office you could park a Mack truck in." He rubbed his chin ruefully. "Trouble with me was, I didn't move fast enough. I didn't fight for tenure, and I didn't keep my eye on the old calendar." He took off his hat and ran a hand through his white hair. "I didn't realize I was beginning to slow down. I couldn't keep pace with the younger crowd at the end, I couldn't stand the late hours and the constant flying around the country. So I woke up one morning and found myself out—and down." He looked around. "Down in a cellar." His face saddened. "I hardly ever get a visitor, unless it's some kid coming to tell me his girl friend is complaining of neglect and so he'll have to give up football."

"Boogey," said Bob Wyesek, "there must be some middle ground between this and—"

Blenheim had brightened. "Man alive," he cried, "you should have seen me in action at State! Not only eight assistants coming in and out, but there was my secretary—a red-haired girl I hired because she reminded me of somebody I used to know—and a receptionist and file clerks. There were three publicity men

who had to toe the mark with me and another fellow who did nothing but write my scripts for my TV and radio shows and keep his ears open for new jokes I could work into my talks."

He thrust his thumbs in his belt and chuckled in satisfaction. "People had to wait in line to see me. No telling who would show up. Might be the team doctor on a certain matter. Or the trainer and his assistants. Or the equipment man and his assistants. Or the business manager—he was like the traveling secretary of a baseball club—wanting my O.K. on a plane charter or hotel booking. Then there was the ticket manager and the advertising agency men with maybe a commercial to be integrated into my radio or TV program. I was always cooperative with the ad agency boys. I held the same sponsor, a topflight laundry, for five years straight. It was a very nice, a very profitable little sideline."

He smacked his lips, relishing the memories.

"Then the phone would be ringing every minute, the athletic director calling about next year's schedule or an allotment of complimentary tickets. Maybe the president of the university asking me to address his lodge, or one of my professor pals tipping me that one of our boys needed tutoring. High school coaches—I gave orders they were to be put right through—calling to ask advice on strategy or something or tip me off to a prospect. Then, lo and behold, the film man might walk in for special instructions. Boy, film was a big operation with us at State. We made three films of every game, a big wide-angle film to show all 22 men in action. That was for our study and to exchange with teams on our schedule. Then we made a closeup film. That was the one I would narrate on the TV. Then we made one in color to show at the various alumni busts and smokers and at other promotional affairs. Now from our black and white footage, boy, we'd make up still another film of highlights, showing all our best offensive and defensive action. We'd shoot that out to high school coaches to show before their teams. It always made a terrific hit."

He paused and thought, then pointed to the wall opposite. "On that same map," he said, "we'd have red and blue pins stuck at various points. That would show the location

continued

Century

the new coronado twenty-one



reserved seat for an individualist

If you're an individualist, you'll appreciate the uniqueness of owning one of the exquisite Century Coronados—to be produced in limited quantities in 1959. It's the most immaculately styled and remarkable performing runabout yet conceived. Largely hand-worked by meticulous Century craftsmen, the rugged triple-braced genuine African mahogany hull features a hydrodynamically precise bottom, massive stern with flared sides and canted transom, and a luxuriously upholstered interior. These result in unparalleled riding comfort, thrilling maneuverability and speed. The stunning slide-back top with sliding windows provides heat-reflecting shade and shields you from spray. Beautiful four-color literature on request.

world's most distinctive runabouts



CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, Box 350, Manistee, Michigan
Subsidiary of *The Overland Corporation*, New York City

of alumni—real and synthetic—that we could count on for fast action in getting a boy and his parents to our campus for a visit. The red pins indicated those contacts owning private airplanes, the blue pins were for those who had high-powered cars or could ante up the price of a rail or plane ticket. As I say, some of these alumni were synthetic. In other words, they had never attended State or any college. But they had adopted our team and took a great pride in it. I issued them special cards admitting them to all secret practice sessions. I remember one of these fellows, Tony LaPresta his name was—he was known as 'The Pizza King' of his city. Never saw a fellow so touched when I handed him his secret-practice card. He almost bust out crying. All he could do was to keep saying over and over again, 'Only in America could it happen.'"

BLLENHEIM sat down at the desk. He looked up at the framed photographs. "It's a fast pace, Bob Wysek," he said, "and a man can't keep it up forever. It's for the younger fellows—Hayes, Bryant, Daugherty, Brennan, Tatum—"

Bob Wysek broke in: "I notice you wear a ten-gallon hat like Jim Tatum, Boogey?"

Blenheim turned on him. "What do you mean," he barked, "like Jim Tatum! I was wearing a ten-gallon hat when Tatum had holes in his stockings! I originated that trademark, boy!"

"Excuse me," said Bob Wysek.

"Forget it, son. As I say, I've slowed down, but in my prime I was the best recruiter in the business. I could call no less than 1,000 high school coaches by their first names. I never forgot a name. I could make one speech that would bring tears to your eyes, and I could turn around and make another one that would make you laugh yourself sick. I had material for every occasion."

Bob Wysek leaned forward and said, "Dad said you used to work some wonderful philosophy into your talks. He said he figured you were the best-read man he ever met."

Blenheim stared at him, then threw back his head and laughed. He leaned over and pulled out a desk drawer and after rummaging in it, he drew out a slender, worn book bound in imitation leather. "Son,"

he said, "I'm going to let you in on a little secret of mine. Since you're just starting out, I'm going to make you a present of the most valuable little book you'll ever own. This book here, boy, is known as *Eliot Hubbard's Scrap Book*. It's out of print—and there are hardly any calls for it any more."

"I don't believe I've ever heard of it, Boogey, sir."

"Of course you haven't. This book was a big seller back in the '20s, but nobody remembers it today. What it is, son, is little bits of philosophy and inspiration collected by this fellow Eliot Hubbard in a lifetime of reading. This is the cream, the pick of everything he thought worth saving. Do you get the idea? Here's a man's lifetime of reading in one package. It's been invaluable to me."

He leafed through the volume. "Look here," he said, "I'll show you how it works. I'll open it anywhere." He opened the book flat on the desk and scanned the pages. "Here we go," he said. "Suppose I'm addressing a Rotary luncheon. I get to talking about desire. I say there's nothing can stop a man with the determination to succeed. Then I throw this at them." He pointed to the book and raised up his head, projecting his voice as if addressing a crowd. "If memory serves," he said, "I believe it was the immortal Victor Hugo who wrote, 'People do not lack strength; they lack will.'"

"Did you find that in the book?"

Bob Wysek asked in awe.

"Certainly," said Blenheim with satisfaction. "Look, I'll do it again." He flipped a few pages. "Here we go. I'm addressing the Monday Quarterbacks or the Downtown Coaches. I've told a couple of jokes and they've gone over big. Now I have to make some mention of last Saturday's game. Suppose we got beat. All right, I say something about the team having learned a lot from the defeat and then I come out with this." He glanced at the page and raised his voice. "Was it not Abraham Lincoln who said, 'I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.'"

Bob Wysek leaned over and picked up the book.

"That's terrific, sir," he said.

"It's yours, son," said Blenheim.

"Oh, I couldn't take it, Boogey?"

"It's little enough to do," said Blenheim, "for the son of the best

tackle who ever played for me. Besides I'm an old man at the end of the trail. I'm rarely invited to make a speech."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," said Bob Wysek. "Of course, sir, I wasn't thinking so much in terms of making speeches. I sure was hoping you'd tell me something about what kind of offense I should use. The T or the split-T or the single wing or the—"

Coach Blenheim exploded: "Speeches are more important than formations, boy! You're missing the point of all this, son. You don't build a football team in the spring and fall. You build it from December to March when you're out on that circuit, making the speeches, shaking the hands, telling the jokes, slapping the backs! That's where your team is born. That's where you hear about the prospects."

He jumped up and walked across the room and back.

"Lordy," he said, "there had some times in the old days. There was this friend of mine, this dentist, Doc Fletcher. I threw him all the team's bridgework and I tell you his dentures were the most natural-looking you ever saw. Many times a boy's appearance was actually improved over what it was with his own teeth."

DOC FLETCHER was a genius in many ways. He made a fine appearance with his gray hair and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. I used to take him along sometimes when I went to talk to parents. For such occasions, the Doc used to wear a black suit and a black felt hat and a neat black bow tie. When I introduced him as Doctor, why sometimes the parents would assume he was a reverend—especially after the Doc had tossed out a Biblical quotation or two." Blenheim held up his hands.

"Now, mind you, boy," he said, "there was no deception. I never said he was a reverend. If the parents got that impression, why the matter was out of my hands. Doc was a wonder. If he saw that the folks were a little vague on the Good Book, he would make up a quotation that sounded authentic and fit the case exactly. I recall we got one boy away from Southern Methodist that way."

The old coach scowled.

"Finally, though, the Doc went too far. I had to give him his quietus. It happened when we were battling

continued

You'll be smart to be curious about...

MORRIS '1000'



New LOW price! Same GREAT car!

starting as low as



\$1495

AT PORT OF ENTRY

2-door sedan, 4-door sedan,
convertible and station
wagon models available.

Arrange to test-drive the MORRIS '1000' today!

Now—more than ever...*your BIGGEST small car buy!*



A product of the HAMBRO MOTOR CORPORATION, the makers of Ambassador, Astor, Hampshire, Morris and Riley cars.
Represented in the United States by

hambro AUTOMOTIVE CORPORATION • 27 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N.Y.
Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.

No Taste!

Yes, Bols Vodka is "Vapor Dry". It has no taste at all... and makes the driest Martini ever. It enhances the flavor of orange juice, tomato juice or tonic—deliciously, delightfully. "Vapor Dry"... Give it a try!



SUPERB TASTE
You'll also enjoy the smooth taste of super dry Bols "Silver Top" Gin.

BOLS

Vapor Dry Vodka

ERVEN LUGAS BOLS DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



THE "SQUIRE"
Black or Hickory
Sycamore

Town Squires

by FREEMAN

LIGHT AS AIR!

The most comfortable footwear you've ever worn... Cushioned insole and out-
stretched from the grain calf with the nationally famous Riple Sole. At better
stores everywhere. Town Squires \$10.95 up

Write for your Freeman dealer's name... Freeman Shoe Corp., Racine, Wisconsin

Notre Dame for an all-state halfback we wanted very bad. Notre Dame had all but landed him when the Doc took it upon himself to go see the family. He came back with the boy signed. I didn't find out until later that Doc had turned his collar around and introduced himself to the parents as Father Fletcher. He proved to those good people that Notre Dame was overrated."

"Golly," said Bob Wyzek. "I didn't know that big-time coaching was so complicated."

"Complicated?" said Blenheim. "Why, boy, I've just touched the highlights. It's a 24-hour, 365-day-a-year job. No end of detail. Way, son, one time I had to call in the chef who puts on the buffet luncheons in the press box. Seems one of the finicky old sports editors complained that he'd get ptomaine from our lobster salad."

"I was going to ask you about press relations," said Bob Wyzek. "The sports editor at home is a very good friend of mine."

"Son," said Blenheim, "it's nice to have friends among the press. But remember this—if you're winning, they can't hurt you and if you're losing they can't help you."

Blenheim raised a hand. "I do not say, Bob Wyzek," he said, "that the scribes cannot be helpful in little ways." He leaned over and started rummaging through the papers on the desk. "I'll show you what I mean." He turned and grinned. "I still subscribe to a modified clipping service just to keep in touch with the Big Show."

He drew a handful of clippings out of the litter and held them up to the light. "Yes," he said, selecting one. "Here's a good example from the *Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1958. Story says, 'Oppressive heat failed to deter Coach Woody Hayes from putting the Ohio State football squad thru two lengthy practices Friday. Temperatures and the humidity were in the 90s.' Get the idea, son? The scribe has placed the emphasis on the coach. The heat didn't bother him. Probably, off the record, ol' Woody was sitting in the shade fanning himself."

He took up another clipping and read: "'Coach Murray Warmath found his already critical halfback situation at Minnesota further aggravated Friday.'" He turned to Bob Wyzek: "One boy had a sprained

knee, another a shoulder separation. But do you see my point? As the scribe sees it, it's the coach who has had the tough luck." He turned the clipping over. "That was another *Chicago Tribune* item. Splendid newspaper."

He selected another clipping. "What have we here?" he said. "*New York Mirror*, Sept. 22, 1958. Item says, 'Who was the 6-foot-4, 235-pound center Terry Brennan "stole" from Jim Tatum of North Carolina?' " He threw the clipping to the floor. "I won't read that kind of stuff," he said. "I'd bar that scribe from practice. They have no business prying into the personal affairs of the coaches. They ought to know that kind of irresponsible reporting makes for bad public relations!"

ANOTHER thing I wanted to ask about," said Bob Wyzek, "was the half time. When I was a kid, Dad took me to see Pat O'Brien in the Knute Rockne picture, and I don't mind telling you, Boogey, Dad and I both bawled when Mr. Rockne asked the team to go out and win one for the Gipper. Could you tell me about some of your half-time talks—I mean of the inspirational kind?"

Blenheim stared at him incredulously. "Where have you been, boy?"

Wyzek swallowed and blushed. "In Utah, sir."

"Well, son, you've got a lot to learn," said Blenheim, shaking his head. "There's no time for the Gipper in modern football. Why, golly, what do you think your assistants have been doing all during the first half? Two of 'em have been planted up in the press box, talking to the bench on the phone and dictating to a graduate student at a typewriter, setting down what every play of ours did, what every play of the opposition did. They race down to the dressing room at half time, loaded with statistics, and slap them on the blackboard so's I can get up there and tell the boys precisely what's working for us, what's not working for us, what alterations we'll make in our defense for the second half, what plays we'll run, what we'll discard. Holy mackerel, boy, if I started talking a lot of mush like Pat O'Brien in the movies, we'd never get our work done. Son, you'd better wise up. Big-time football is a scientific operation."

Coach Blenheim fell back in his chair. He was silent for a long time

continued



BUD PALMER *Top Sports Announcer*

What makes this knit so different?

The answer is luster—soft, subtle, and downright handsome. The secret is Celanese Celasperm. This acetate fiber *seals-in* color for unsurpassed fade resistance even through repeated washings. Bud Palmer says this handsome Van Heusen knit is the most comfortable shirt he has worn. You will too. The price? When did \$5 ever do such noble work? Celanese Corporation of America, N.Y. 16.

VAN HEUSEN sport shirt, Secco Mills Celasperm acetate and cotton knit. Grey with black, grey with red, beige with brown. Sizes S, M, L. About \$5, at your favorite fine store.

Celanese® Celasperm®

Celanese contemporary fibers

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1916 (Title 29, United States Code, Section 230) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 13, 1958

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Editor-in-Chief, H. R. Lane, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Managing editor, S. L. Jones, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Business Manager, R. R. Amersbach, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

2. The owner in Time Incorporated, Time & Life Building, New York 20, New York; that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: Henry P. Davison, c/o J. P. Morgan & Company, P. O. Box 1266, New York, N.Y.; Irving Trust Company, New York City, successor trustee under the will of Britton Hadden for the benefit of Elizabeth Burt Post, c/o Irving Trust Company, Colonial Branch, 1 Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.; Margaret Zerke Lamm, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Roy F. Larsen, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Henry R. Lane, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; The Henry J. See Foundation Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.; Henry Lane 3rd, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Samuel W. Meek, c/o The National Bank & Trust Company of Fairfield, Trust Department, 230 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

Stock to the extent of more than one per cent are registered in the names of the following companies, but in each case the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom (other than one or more of the persons listed in the next preceding paragraph) is known to own more than one per cent. Brown Brothers, Harriman & Company, 29 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.; J. C. Orr & Company, c/o The New York Trust Company, Income Collection Department, 100 Broadway, New York 15, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears under the name of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bond face owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 851,900.

(Signed) Raymond R. Amersbach, Jr.
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1958

(Seal) (Signed) Dorothy Bark
(My commission expires March 30, 1959)

and then he said quietly, "You married, Bob Wyzek?"

Bob Wyzek shook his head.

"Be sure you get the right girl, son," said the old coach. "Be sure she knows what she's getting into. She can be a great help to you in entertaining, serving beer and cheese snacks to visiting coaches in your rumpus room, mothering some of the boys who get homesick, the like of that. But, above all, she's got to be understanding. If she starts riding you for staying out until all hours—on legitimate staff meetings, understand—you're headed for trouble. But I advise you to marry, son. The authorities like for a coach to be married. Some places, it's a must."

"But, sir," said Bob Wyzek, "you never married, did you?"

Coach Blenheim got up and walked over to the window and stooped down to look up at the sky. There was silence for a moment and then the coach straightened up and walked back to the desk, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. Finally, speaking very low, he said:

"There was a romance in my life, son. I haven't told anybody about it all through the years. Oh, maybe I've dropped a word or so to Doc Fletcher over a beer, but otherwise this little chapter in my life has been locked in here." He put a hand over his heart.

"This was many years ago," Blenheim went on. "I was 34 years of age, she was a year younger. I met her as a result of a hot tip from one of our bird dog alumni. He called me long distance to report that he had found a prospect in this town back in the Blue Ridge Mountains country who was the greatest natural football player he had ever seen. I had great confidence in this bird dog and so I decided to investigate personally."

He turned to Bob Wyzek and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Son, this boy was the equal of Red Grange. I could hardly believe my eyes. He was a coach's dream—he could do everything. Not too bright, but I didn't worry about that. There was no nonsense about such things in those days."

Blenheim shook his head.

"But the boy wouldn't even listen to me. He said I'd have to talk to his mother. He directed me to a diner where she worked as waitress. Before accepting her, I made inquiries around town and found out that she

had been married at age 15 to an encyclopedia salesman whom she had since had declared legally dead."

Blenheim sat down and clasped his hands behind his head.

"She was a redhead. Big blue eyes. I can't describe her exactly, but she'd remind you of Moonbeam McSwine in the *Li'l Abner* cartoon strip. Of course, I have reference to her build. Unlike Moonbeam, this girl was neat as a pin. And she was smart. She knew something about her son's potentialities as a football player. She seemed quite unimpressed when I outlined an offer calling for free books and tuition, clothes, laundry, spending money, photograph records, so on and so forth. No dice. I upped my ante and told her she could have her pick of any late-model used car at the local dealer's. No interest."

The old coach crossed his legs and bent over in a pretense of examining the high heels on his cowboy boots.

"Still," he said, "we got along fine. I used to walk her home evenings and soon I was calling her Flobelle and I asked her to call me Coach. One night I said, 'Flobelle, let me take you out of all this. A girl like you shouldn't be working in a truck drivers' hangout. You come back to school with the boy and I'll get you a job waiting table in the coffee shop of the best hotel in town. And, furthermore, I'll guarantee that boy of yours will always have everything he needs.'"

The coach shuddered. "I'll never forget her words in reply to that proposition. She looked at me, son, with those baby-blue eyes and she whispered in that low, husky voice of hers, 'Coach,' she said, 'what that boy needs is a daddy.'"

Bob Wyzek took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow and moved forward to the edge of his chair. "Golly," he exclaimed, "what did you do then, sir?"

"Why," said the coach, "it set me back on my heels. I needed time to think things over. I made some excuse and hurried back to my hotel. But when I got to the entrance, I saw something that made me whirl right around and dash back to Flobelle's house!"

"What was it, sir?" cried Bob Wyzek.

"A car with an Indiana license," said the coach. "A Studebaker!"

"Studebakers are made in South Bend!" exclaimed Bob Wyzek. "Was Notre Dame after the boy?"

continued

For "Look Alive" Colors you can wash...and really wash...

Look for **VAT COLORS** fastest colors money can buy



Perfect teamwork.

It's easy to coordinate shirts with slacks and shorts when they're all vat colored. Separates stay coordinated with vat colors, quality colors that last.



Sun won't fade them.

Isn't it wonderful to have fabrics you can dry in the sun? They come up smiling as well as sweet-smelling when they're vat colored.



Machine washable.

What's more, you can throw them in the washer right along with your white things. Not a chance of them running when they're genuine vat colors.



Come next Spring—

These togs will be as color-bright as the day you bought them. Oh, how you'll bless the lucky day you insisted on getting vat colors!

VAT COLORS are the fastest colors known—fast to washing, dry cleaning, sunlight, household bleach, perspiration, rubbing off—color fixed within each fiber for the life of the fabric. When buying clothes for your family, choose fabrics dyed or printed with vat colors. To be sure, look for the words *vat colored* on the tag. And write for free, money-saving booklet, "Your Heritage of Color." Vat Dye Institute, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.



ROBERT BRUCE knits the sweaters and sweater shirts shown of 100% "Orlon". In a variety of styles, colors, from \$8.98. At Hatter's, Balt.; Metropolitan Co., Dayton; H. P. Wasson & Co., Indianapolis; John W. Knicker, Phila.; Conbels, Pitts.; and other fine stores.



Illustration by J. J. M. for the Orlon Company, Inc.

SWEATERS MEN LIKE

Now... more styles, more colors, more textures in
stay-in-shape sweaters and sweater shirts of "Orlon"

Right now sweaters and sweater shirts of "Orlon"—a acrylic fiber—are available in the newest, smartest styles. And because "Orlon" has amazing shape retention, these sweaters stay smart-looking, stay luxurious—through long wear and repeated washings. "Orlon"

also makes them easy to wash. No blocking or shaping is needed after they're washed. As for comfort, you've never known sweaters could feel so good. See the new sweaters and sweater shirts of 100% "Orlon". Buy some today while selections are best.

ORLON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



©1960 DuPont is a registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. DuPont makes Ektelon and Ektelon sweaters shown here.

BETTER HIGHS FOR BETTER WEAR—THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The coach shook his head. "Could have been Purdue or Indiana," he said. "I didn't wait to find out. I popped the question to Florella that very night. She accepted me and after she had signed what amounted to a letter of intent, I took her into my arms."

The coach buried his head in his hands. "Lordy," he groaned, "what a woman!"

Bob Wyzek jumped to his feet. "What about the marriage, sir? Did...did something happen to Florella?"

The coach shook his head. "Some things, son," he said slowly, "are just not fated to be. That's my only explanation. The wedding never took place. I was forced to call the whole thing off."

"What happened, sir?"

"What happened?" said Blenheim, his eyes filling. "Why, that fool kid of hers went squirrel-hunting next day and blew off three toes with his shotgun. His college football career was over before it began."

The coach brushed a hand across his eyes and got up and hitched up his pants. He bent down to arrange his trouser cuffs over his boots. He straightened up and picked up his ten-gallon hat and said, "Come on, Bob Wyzek, let's get out of here. I need air."

Young Bob Wyzek followed the old coach out of the basement office, up the flight of stairs and out onto the campus. They walked along the path in silence, students hurrying by them, Blenheim bowing and muttering, "Hello, hello, there," although nobody spoke to him or even seemed to notice him—until an extremely thin boy in sweat shirt and chinos called out shrilly: "You gonna beat Wesleyan, Coach?" Coach Blenheim waved a hand and called back, "No predictions, boy! But they'll know they've been in a ball game!"

The path led them away from the mainstream of students and soon they were alone. Hands thrust in his trouser pockets, Bob Wyzek walked with his head down, frowning, kicking at the leaves. Blenheim held his head high, taking deep breaths and exhaling with loud "a-a-aha." Suddenly he stopped and pointed down the path. "There's our athletic field, son. Not much to look at, is it?"

Bob Wyzek looked at the ivy-covered wall of the concrete stadium that consisted of two concrete stands,

one on either side of the field. The ends were open, but there was obviously space for temporary seats.

"Seats 8,000," said Blenheim. "But we could boost that to 12,000 with bleachers at either end. So far, the need for that has not arisen. Our biggest crowd last season was just under 4,000. That was for the homecoming game." He buckled. "That stadium hasn't been touched or improved since it was built in 1920." He turned and looked at Bob Wyzek and his smile faded as he saw the young man's troubled countenance.

"Something eating you, boy?" said Blenheim.

"Well, sir—" Bob Wyzek began.

"Boogey?"

"All right, Boogey!" cried Bob Wyzek. "I've got to tell you something. I don't know if I want to be a coach after all."

"What!" exclaimed Blenheim, aghast.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to raise my voice," said Bob Wyzek. "But really, Boogey, I didn't know big-time coaching was like that. I didn't know you had to do all those things."

"What things," demanded Blenheim, his face hardening. "You sound like I did something wrong!"

WELL, does it seem right, Boogey?" said Bob Wyzek. "Making it such a cold-blooded business? Cultivating high school coaches you really don't care about? Making all those phony speeches? Posing as a well-read man when all you've read is *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*? Turning football into a kind of Hollywood production with press agents and camera men and television and radio programs? And deceiving people, passing your dentist friend off as a clergyman? Promising to marry a woman just to recruit her son and then—then jilting her?"

"The boy had lost his potential!" roared Blenheim. "Didn't I make that clear?"

Bob Wyzek shook his head. "I don't know, Boogey," he said, "I had it figured all wrong. I thought in terms of character building, in terms of a game that would teach a boy self-reliance, make him better able to deal with the problems he'd have to meet in later life."

"Listen to me, Bob Wyzek!"

The younger man seemed not to hear him. He gazed off through the trees and went on: "I read a speech

continued

The Gold Medal Brandy CORONET VSQ



We won
First Prize in
open competition
at the California
State Fair



BRANDY DIST. CORP., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY. 54 PROOF

*Greatest
value story
ever
written*



Here's a real British thriller (pocketbook type) ... the Triumph estate Wagon that averages 60,000 miles without a major overhaul. TR3 engineered, it does up to 75 miles an hour ... gives 40 miles to the gallon ... carries a family, or truck-load, with ease ... fold down seats make 38 cu. ft. of space with full rear door access. Get the complete story ... guest-drive the Estate Wagon (or 4-door Sedan at \$1699*) today. Write for our Overseas Delivery Brochure, STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR CO., 1743 B'way, Dept. 5016 N.Y.C. 15, N.Y.

TRIUMPH  5-door estate wagon \$1899*

*at U.S. port of entry plus taxes. Write for complete (highly illustrated) brochure.



The reason for seasons



More and more ballplayers play winter league ball, and more and more skiers sports-vacation in South America, where it's January in June. The rest of us just like it the way it is, as skating follows football and the sounds of hunting come after the joys of sailing. That's the reason for seasons—and also one reason for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—your weekly guide, calendar, day book, barometer and forecaster of sports in every season. Make sure you have your copy every week.

THE COACH *continued*

about football and business that Coach Bryant made to the Houston Kiwanis Club. Mr. Bryant said a boy could learn lessons on a football field that even his parents couldn't teach him as well. It was one of the most beautiful things I ever read, Boogey."

Blenheim fell back as if he had been struck a blow. He smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Bryant?" he cried. "Bryant?"

Bob Wyck raised his head and looked at the old coach.

"Boogey," he said, "after all the things you've told me today, I don't think I want to be a big-time coach ever. Boogey, I just don't think it's worth it."

Blenheim reached out and grabbed the young man's shoulder. His face was livid, his square jaw jutting out, his eyes flashing.

"Not worth it?" he demanded. "Not worth it? You come with me. I'll show you what it's worth!"

Bob Wyck held back and Blenheim dug his strong fingers into his shoulder and almost pulled him along toward the entrance to the old stadium. He walked with great, strong strides through the gate, under the stands, out onto the green field of the gridiron.

They stood together on the sideline and Blenheim, breathing hard, relaxed his grip on the younger man and waved his long arms around to encompass the stadium.

"Not worth it, you said, boy?" he said. "Maybe this kind of football isn't worth it. But did you ever stand on a football field with 100,000 people looking down on you? With the marching bands prancing out on the field and the little drum majorettes swirling their skirts and the cheerleaders leaping and somersaulting down the sidelines?"

YOU talk about a Hollywood production? It's bigger than that because it's alive. You understand? It's alive and it's breathing and yelling and roaring and waving its flags and stamping its feet—100,000 people, son, not slumping back in some pitch-black movie theater, but out in the open air, under the open sky, living and breathing and thrilling down to the marrow of their bones. They're young, every one of them, the oldest of them young for this moment—their own little private concerns lost

in the creation of this big over-all character—the crowd, the football crowd, a phenomenon, unique, drawn together out of 100,000 lives that haven't another blessed thing in common but this game—this football game!"

Blenheim thrust a finger toward the sky. "Look up there! Television cameras looking down, radio broadcasters screaming into their mikes, two, three, four hundred reporters banging away at their typewriters, the teletypes going a mile a minute, the president of the university sitting in his own private booth with the refrigerator and the electric heater in it, waving his arm down to you, the coach, hoping you'll wave back so he can turn and say to the governor of the state next to him, 'There's Boogey Man Blenheim down there in the cowboy hat, a remarkable character.'"

Blenheim crouched and pointed dramatically across the field. "Down in the business office, they're starting to count up the take. A hundred thousand people at \$5 a head. How much is it? It's a half a million dollars, boy! That's your gate. That's what comes in at the box office. A hundred thousand admissions—paid. Do you realize something, son? One of these Saturdays at Ann Arbor, Michigan or Columbus, Ohio they'll play to more people than Greeley University will play to in all its games for six or seven years! Can you get it, can you comprehend it? Do you grasp the scope and size of it?"

BLENHEIM straightened up and drew the back of his hand across his mouth: "Hollywood production, you say? It's an interesting thought. Now let me ask you something. If Mr. Sam Goldwyn or Mr. Cecil B. DeMille were putting on a show for half a million-dollar gate, how would they cast the production? Would they say to some flunky, 'Go out and get me a blonde-haired girl and a black-haired fellow to play the big parts?' Or would they go out and scour the world for the best talent they could get their hands on?"

He looked around the field and then pointed to the stands again.

"It's your show, it's your production and you've gotten the best boys you could to play this football game. You've slapped backs and you've cut corners and you've made the corny speeches and you've lied to a red-

continued

"I never carry more than \$50 in cash,"

says DAVID NIVEN
starring in Michael Todd's Award-Winning
"Around the World in 80 Days."

"When I travel, I always carry my money in American Express Travelers Cheques." Spendable anywhere, good until used, prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices.



Charges, only a penny a dollar

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

BRITISH SHOES!
— at a fraction of their American retail price
Delivery in 30 days from receipt of order
Includes all import charges

\$10.95

STEVEN WILLIAMS, LTD.
40 Chatham Road, East Hill, N. J.
Satisfaction. Please send me 100¢ free 32 page booklet. No. 111

Name _____
Address _____

NEW! WILD GAME COOK BOOK

More than 350 exciting recipes how to change wild game and wild fowl into tempting dishes. Also secrets of barbecue, stuffings, gravies, sauces, dressing game. Only \$1. Pioneer Press, Dept. ST, Harriman, Tennessee.

enjoy more
enjoy more
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



STOPS FOOT ITCH

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI
Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves itching of Athlete's Foot... kills fungi of the infection on contact... helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin between toes and on feet. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.



JUST THE TICKET for that active, fun-loving man who likes sports... travel... the whole outdoors... who'd like to see it all in bright, incredibly clear detail

Thirtythree Bushnell Featherlight models with newest electronically computed optical designs and lifetime construction. Moderate prices—\$9.95 to \$135—include handsome cowhide case, plus 20-Year Guarantee and 30-Day Trial Exchange Privilege.

For the greatest year 'round gift in sight, let your dealer show you just how breath-taking the world looks through Bushnell Binoculars!

FREE GUIDE - "HOW TO SELECT BINOCULARS" - WRITE TODAY!

Bushnell

730 Bushnell Bldg. • Pasadena, Calif.
In Canada 1765 Street St. • Vancouver 2, B.C.



Never miss a chance to smoke Kentucky Club tobacco

8 QUALITY BLENDS



STATISTICS PROVE IT! More and more men are switching to a pipe. And more and more are switching to Kentucky Club's famous quality blends. It's the easy way to find your personal tobacco. All brands guaranteed fresh. All packaged in moisture-proof Keesal Pouch that keeps your tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful. Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia.

AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—5 tobacco blends for modern tastes.

LONDON DUCK—A superb blend of five world-famous tobaccos.

WHITEHALL—Popular with active men who like highly aromatic mixtures.

BRUSH CREEK—About the most expensive tobacco on the market, and worth it.

DOMINION—A mixture on the English side. 5 great tobaccos cut 5 ways.

PEPPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Mildly aromatic and very smooth on the tongue.



Is Keesal Pouch—Guaranteed fresh

CROSSY SQUARE—Mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos. Natural taste and aroma.

KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE BURLLEY—Famous for smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma.

KENTUCKY CLUB

A BLEND FOR EVERY TASTE

THE COACH continued

headed woman. But nobody up there knows about that. All they see is the big show you've given them, a show that'll take them out of themselves for a Saturday afternoon. Where else could you assemble all those people under these kind of auspices? Where would all those people be, what would they be fussing and fighting and griping about if it weren't for your show? Because it is your show, son, if you're the coach. You've pulled it all together. You're the Sam Goldwyn, the Cecil B. DeMille of this production, you're the impresario and there you are down on the field where they can spot you from anywhere in the stadium because you're smart enough to wear a ten-gallon hat!"

The old coach swept off the big hat and held it high over his head, turning this way and that, smiling broadly and waving as if he were acknowledging the cheers of a big crowd.

BUT then suddenly, realizing what he was doing, he dropped his arms and put his hat back on, his face reddening in embarrassment. Young Bob Wyczek looked around the field, pretending not to notice.

Blenheim coughed and cleared his throat. "Bob Wyczek," he said gruffly, "a coach doesn't have to hit the big time. Wherever he is, if he's got tenure, I mean to say if he's teaching maybe English or history on the side, why, he can make out all right—hold his job and maybe do what you said, build a little character here and there."

Bob Wyczek stared at the ground for a moment and then looked up at the old Boogey Man and smiled. "I could go for that," he said.

Blenheim grinned back at him.

"Son," he said, "do you ever take a glass of beer?"

Bob Wyczek nodded.

"Good," said Blenheim. "There's a little place down the road. We ought to stop all this gab and get working on some formations for that team of yours. Who was it said, 'He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed?'"

"I don't know," said Bob Wyczek as they started out of the stadium.

"Well, son," said Coach Horace Jasper (Boogey Man) Blenheim, "for your information, it was Socrates. You'll find it in *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*."

END

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BASEBALL: GOOD COMPANY

Sirs:

THE ENJOYMENT OF BASEBALL HAS BEEN INCREASED BY THE RICH LITERATURE WHICH IT HAS HELPED TO CREATE OVER THE YEARS. DURING THE CURRENT SEASON WE HAVE BEEN TREATED TO SEVERAL SUPERB SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PIECES: IN APRIL IT WAS THE STATE OF BASEBALL, THEN AN ITEM ON BALTIMORE'S ALL-STAR GAME, FOLLOWED BY THE STORY ON THE YANKERS AT THE SEASON'S END. NOW THESE HAVE BEEN CAPPED OFF WITH A SPECIMEN OF SPORTSWRITING AT ITS BEST: "ONCE AGAIN, WITH FEELING" IS A DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT OF OCTOBER'S BIG SPECTACLE. MOVE OVER LARSEN, RICE, GALLAGHER, DALEY, MENKE AND COMPANY—YOU HAVE A NEW COMRADE—ONE ROBERT CREAMER.

HERBERT R. O'CONNOR JR.

BALTIMORE

SPORTS ALL

Sirs:

Wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed your World Series edition (\$1, Sept. 29). It's fun having such a wide variety of subjects to read aloud to my family! Would like to meet the writers of EVENTS & DISCOVERIES—what a wonderful sense of humor they have!

Also, hats off to the H. V. Kaltenborns for being such good sports!

ELEANOR T. GUSTAFSON

Hampton, Va.

AMERICA'S CUP: YOU ARE THERE

Sirs:

Congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Carleton Mitchell for the outstanding and up-to-the-minute coverage of the America's Cup classic. It was almost unbelievable to tune in for radio coverage of the third race, while reading in a magazine the account of the first race together with the detail of the second attempt—particularly when being geographically positioned 3,500 miles from the scene of action. However, that was the situation as both SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Columbia led the way.

Thanks for fine coverage, and for the reproductions from the lens of Richard Meek. May I, as an enthusiastic Canadian, wish for the day when Canada too might join the challenge.

JAMES A. MCVIE

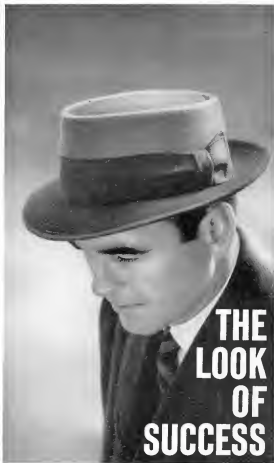
Victoria, B.C.

AMERICA'S CUP: SOUVENIR

Sirs:

The America's Cup is retained and, with it, a superb job on your part in

continued



comes naturally with a Champ 2-Tone 2-Tones by Champ are the most versatile new idea to come along in years. Crown and brim are just a subtle shade or so apart—a perfect color blend highlighted by the interesting band. With its tight-teslescope shape and slim lines, watch what a 2-Tone does for you—for your whole wardrobe! In four superb Fall shades; Grey, Brown, Cadet and Crispin. Just \$8.50 at fine stores everywhere. Champ Hats, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City 1, N. Y.

CHAMP HATS/8.50

WONDERFUL WAY to gladden a golfer!



Ken Venturi, U. S. Royal Staff



U. S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS



Personalized with
his or her name.
Packed in
Royal Blue
Christmas Case



DON'T WAIT A DAY—THE "PERSONAL TOUCH" TAKES TIME!

Act now for Christmas—give the same U. S. Royal Golf Balls that more and more top golfers like Ken Venturi are playing, packed by the dozen or half-dozen in the beautiful Royal Blue Christmas Case. To have them personalized at no extra cost, please get your order in by November 15. Minimum order: 1 dozen per name. See your golf professional . . . soon!



United States Rubber

INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK, N.Y.
20, New York

19TH HOLE *continued*

covering the races and the preparations. Mr. Mitchell, in addition to being a fine yachtsman, provided us with lucid coverage of the event. My congratulations to him and to your staff for the consistently good reporting.

In an early issue this year, March 17, you published pictures of models of the yachts used for tank testing. Do you know where I might obtain sufficient information on hull and mast dimensions to construct a reasonable sailing model, approximately two-three feet in length, of one of the American boats?

MELTON H. COLEMAN
East Syracuse, N.Y.

● Cross-sectional lines of the 12-meter boats designed by Sparkman & Stephens have never been released, but Mr. Coleman might make a start with the side view (see below) given in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Sept. 9, 1957.—E.D.



VIN: 12-METER RACING MACHINE

FOOTBALL: HAMLET'S GHOST

Sirs:

Expert opinions on the new football conversion rule were fine, but the most titillating and incisive comment on this subject that we have seen or heard anywhere is the "Coach Hamlet" cartoon (*SI*, Sept. 29). Wouldn't the late Herman Hickman have chuckled?

LOBBY MASON
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: THE SCORE ON NORA JOHNSON

Sirs:

Nora Johnson's wonderful article on why women need football (*Girls! It's Goal to Go!*, *SI*, Sept. 22) deserves some sort of award. I'm sending a copy to my sister-in-law, who first informed me of these truths.

EUGENE T. ROSSIDES
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I know exactly how she feels. Football games to me have always meant strategy, planned weeks in advance, on how to get asked to the game in order to get to the parties, what to wear and who else is going and how to keep your hair curled in the rain or snow.

The best part of football games are the pregame picnic; half time, when you can find your nonfootball friends—if you're lucky; and even the second half is bearable because you know the end must be nearing!

MRS. WILLIAM BAYNE JR.
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Sirs:

Miss Nora Johnson is obviously a better observer of football fans than of football players.

Amherst's home game record during Miss Johnson's college career was 9-5-2. Amherst, furthermore, was undefeated in 1953. Miss Johnson's senior year at Smith. Miss Johnson, I know, confesses that she didn't understand the game, but she should have known what the score was.

PETER SCHRAG
Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

The article by the eastern-educated Nora Johnson was one of the most asinine I've ever read. She claimed women are always taken to games and it was extremely doubtful if they would go to them otherwise. She also said a woman sees the game pleasantly diffused through the eyes of the man with her.

Out here in Berkeley, college girls have been going to games without men for decades and they didn't lack for boy friends. I've gone by myself often and, though it may be unthinkable to Miss Johnson, a few of us women understand the game as well as the average man.

E. MORRISSETT
Berkeley, Calif.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: LOOK, NO HANDS

Sirs:

Nora Johnson's article alone is worth the price of a year's subscription, but where, oh where is Goren? How could you do that to me?

JEROME SCHEUER
Brookline, Mass.

● An ardent fan, Goren sat the hand out so as to get hep to the new football season.—ED.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: HEAD COUNT

Sirs:

In case the question ever comes up, there are 716 complete football players in Roy Doty's football map of the U.S. I think there may also be some spare parts kicking around, but there are at least enough for 65 teams and a water boy. I didn't count any of the sectional maps. After all, you can carry this nonsense too far.

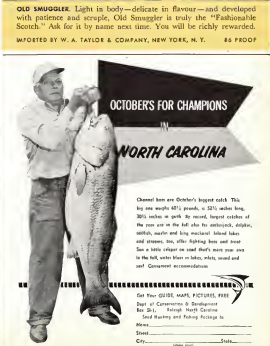
W. E. GRAHAM
Houston



The Fashionable Scotch

OLD SMUGGLER. Light in body—delicate in flavour—and developed with patience and scruple, Old Smuggler is truly the "Fashionable Scotch." Ask for it by name next time. You will be richly rewarded.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 86 FPOOF



OCTOBER'S FOR CHAMPIONS

NORTH CAROLINA

Channel bass are October's biggest catch. This big one weighs 68½ pounds, is 52½ inches long, 30½ inches in girth. By record, largest catches of the year are in the fall also for catfish, yellow perch, muskie and king, northern pike, bluegill, crappie and long, northern striped bass and striped bass, too, after fighting bass and trout. See a little crappie on sand that's more than one in the fall, water blues in lakes, white, round and soft. Conquest accommodations.

Get Your GUIDE, MAPS, PICTURES, FREE

Dept. of Conservation & Development
Box 26-1, Raleigh, North Carolina

Send Hunting and Fishing Package to:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Ah, Sweet Music! Spiced Cherry Heering Preserves

The Cherry Heering family, famed for liqueur, is making a rare and glorious preserve for us.

In business since the 1700's, these folks really know their cherries.

They're huge and heart-shaped monsters...glossy black as the patent leather pumps in which we once caracoled in society's exclusive cotillions.

The flesh of these cherries is firm and luscious in flavor.

And while we do not like to alarm mothers in Southern states, truth compels us to admit that there is a minuscule amount of cherry liqueur—a mere dewdrop—in this preserve of royal lineage.



P. S. Should your local stores not carry General Foods' delicacies, write us. We'll tell you "where" by return post.

GENERAL FOODS



GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

Pat on the Back

Bill Roberts



RICHARD BURDGE

'It's better than television'

Leaning on the roll-bar of his one-cylinder Continental modified-B Casa de Cadillac Special, Dickie Burdge of Panorama City, Calif., lead-footed veteran of a thousand tight corners, holder of nine track records, winner of more than 200 trophies, should by rights be receiving a victory buss from an 11-year-old Miss Quarter-midget. However, in quarter-midget racing circles this is considered sissy stuff, although Dickie's sister Lynette frequently hands out the trophies to the tired but happy winner. In fact, as in all drivers' families, Dickie's relations crowd up the act and have a wonderful time at it.

The sport of quarter-midget car

racing started in California about four years ago for boys and girls from 4 to 15. Since then hundreds of parent-sponsored tracks have appeared and thousands of fathers like Jim Burdge have tasted the heady pleasure of tuning the sleek little racers and managing their offspring through Saturday competitions. Dickie's mother at first was appalled at the cars' 35-mph potential, but now that she has come to feel that they are arguably safer than bicycles she and Dickie's brother Jimmy help around track and pit when Dickie races. Dickie himself bestows the ultimate teen-age accolade: "It's better than television. You've got to be on the alert all the time."



A MEETING BETWEEN GEN. NATHAN B. FORREST AND BASIL DUKE

After reminiscences of how Gen. Forrest "got there first with the most" a fitting toast would be a drink of Old Crow - the whiskey Duke called "the most famous scer made in Kentucky."



LIGHT · MILD · 86 PROOF

OLD CROW

America's Favorite Bourbon

Distinguished men of America's past—authors, statesmen, generals—knew and prized Old Crow. Today, it is America's favorite bourbon. Though you may pay a bit extra, you will find light, mild 86 Proof Old Crow an extraordinary bourbon—the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass!

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



RONSON



introduces new *Varafire!*

Lights for months!

Adjustable flame!

Fuels in seconds!



NEW!

Lights for months on one button-feeding! Fill it — forget it! And, just see Ronson Multi-Fill tube can give you enough Butron fuel for more than a year of lighter! Add fuel anytime — no need to wait until lighter is empty!



NEW!

Fingertip flame control! Flame is easily adjustable to any height to suit needs of cigarette, pipe and cigar smokers. No tubes or special tools required to raise or lower the clean-burning, wickless flame!



NEW!

Fuels in seconds! Ronson's patented Butron fuel-injection system fuels Varafire lighter instantly, without disassembling the lighter. Unique one-piece design insures leak-proof, fuel-proof performance!

See Varafire — the world's first rocket-power lighter — at your Ronson dealer. Fully guaranteed with a full year's free service policy!

RONSON

maker of the world's greatest lighters and electric shavers

PAGE 1 Write to: Ronson Corp., 1 Ronson Road, Woodbridge, N.J. for free illustrated folder on Ronson's new Butron Pocket and Table lighters.